

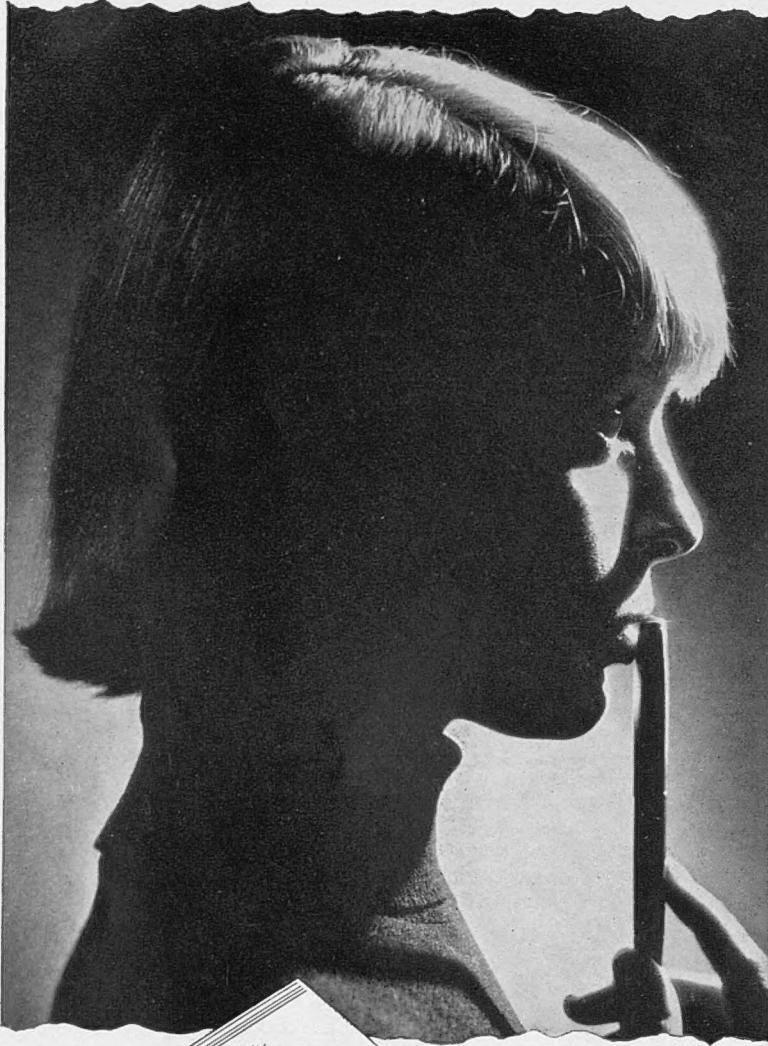
The TATLER



AUGUST 20, 1958

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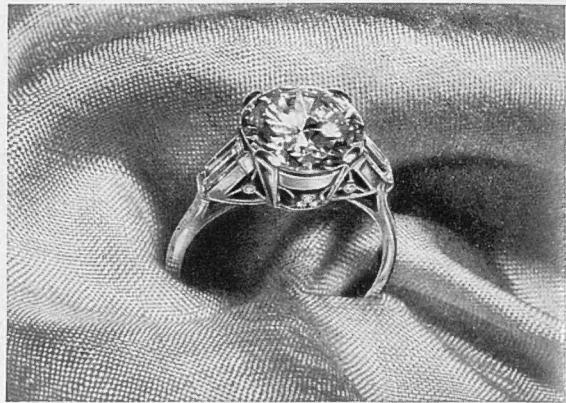
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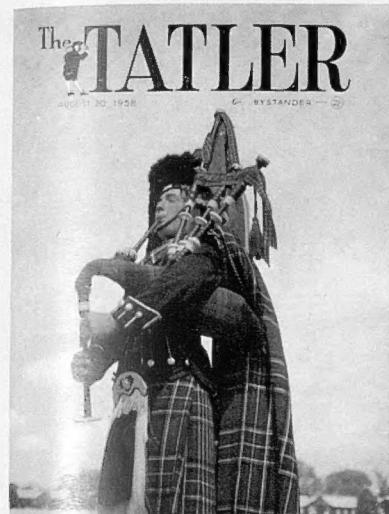
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FASHION'S LATEST



A. C. K. Ware
THE TATLER summon lovers of the arts to Edinburgh this week. There the 11th annual Festival begins amid the usual enthusiasm but some financial misgivings—as an article on p. 324 tells. Other Scottish specials this week: Brown (Roundabout), and the Duke of Argyll at home (p. 321).

DIARY of the week

FROM 21 AUGUST TO
27 AUGUST

THURSDAY 21 AUGUST

Cricket: The fifth and final Test Match between England and New Zealand at the Oval.

FRIDAY 22 AUGUST

Horse Show: The Ponies of Britain Club Annual Summer Show (and 23rd) at Harrogate, Yorks.

Golf: Deal Week (to 31st) on the Royal Cinque Ports Course, Deal, Kent.

THE LINE from the London collections is shown in this week's fashion pages. *Next week:* Pictures from the Paris collections. Also a Radio Show feature on home recording

Swimming: Butlin's International Cross-Channel Race (weather permitting) from Cap Gris Nez to Dover. Trophy to be presented at the White Cliffs Hotel, Dover.

Festival: The Edinburgh International Festival (to 14th Sept.).

MONDAY 25 AUGUST

Bowls: The Ladies National Championship Week at Wimbledon.

Tennis: The Budleigh Salterton Open Tournament (to 30th) in Devon.

TUESDAY 26 AUGUST

Fair: Ould Lammas Fair at Ballycastle, Co. Antrim.

WEDNESDAY 27 AUGUST

Trade: The National Radio & Television Exhibition (to 6th Sept.) at Earls Court.

Horse Show: The Aldershot Show (to 30th) at Rushmoor Arena, Aldershot.

Horticulture: The Annual Summer Flower Show at Eastbourne (to 29th).

Cricket: Kent against New Zealand at Canterbury (to 29th).

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The TAILER

& BY STANDER

Vol. CCXIX. No. 2980

20 August 1958

TWO HILLINGS



Brodrick Haldane

PERSONALITY

Home talent

MORAY MCLAREN and his wife Lennox Milne represent between them a fair slice of Scottish art. She directs production at Edinburgh's Gateway Theatre (one of the Festival centres) and acts there, too. He writes plays and novels—and through his travel books about Scotland does his share of propaganda for Scottish tourism. One of the hazards of the Festival period for him is that fans who have been attracted to Edinburgh by reading his books (especially *The Capital of Scotland*) are inclined to look him up there in his Inverleith Row home (where this picture was taken).

Mr. McLaren was born in Edinburgh, but his horizon has extended to Paris (where he studied) and London (where he worked in journalism, broadcasting and intelligence).

Since the war he has returned to Scotland to live, marrying Miss Milne in 1946.

Trout-fishing is their big enthusiasm (and a topic for his writing). They reckon to have fished Scotland from the border to Cape Wrath and they have even been as far afield as the Shetlands and the Faroes. Croquet, however, is a skill they do not share. Mrs. McLaren leaves that to her husband, who founded the Edinburgh Croquet Club. Mrs. McLaren has acted in nearly every Edinburgh Festival and was awarded the O.B.E. in 1956. This year she plays Kirstie Elliot in the Gateway's play *Weir of Hermiston*, from Stevenson's unfinished novel. Her husband? He will be free to attend the opera. He has just finished a novel—set of course largely in Edinburgh.

STOKES JOKES

- 7



The famous annual Bal de la Mer, held at the Summer Sporting Club in Monaco, ended with a display of fireworks from boats moored out at sea. The ball was in aid of the Union Nationale des Polios de France and L'Union Français

Princess Grace of Monaco (left) had a table with her husband, Prince Rainier. Centre: Mme. Tina Onassis, wife of ship-owner Mr. Aristotle Onassis. They were staying on their yacht *Christina*. Right: Mrs. Anita Jonas, from Paris, with Prince Rachawski



INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY

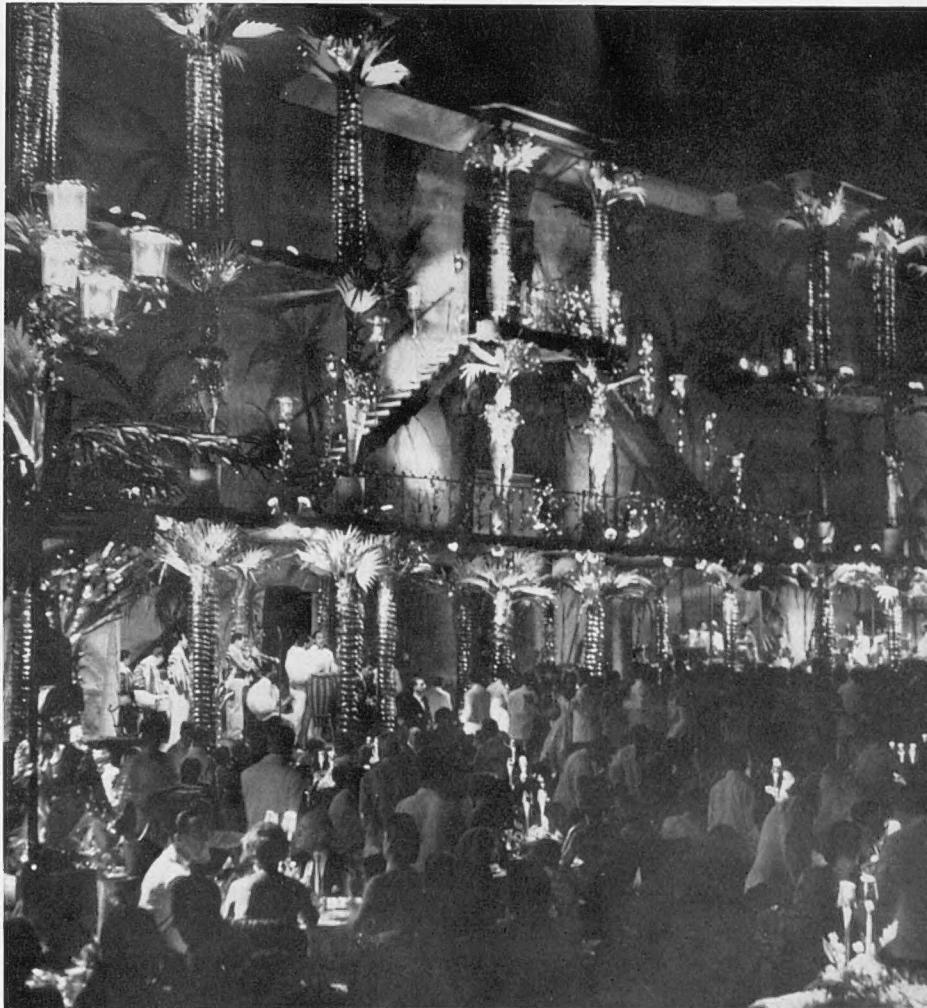
at Monte Carlo's Bal de la Mer

Photographs by
Desmond O'Neill



Princess Marie-Christine of Bourbon-Bavaria (left). Centre: The Marchioness of Dufferin & Ava with her husband, Judge John Cyril Maude. Right: Miss Lorna Lyle, daughter of the Duchess of Bedford, in the Aga Khan's party

The ball was held on an open-air dance-floor jutting over the sea. The décor, which represented a Siamese Temple, was designed by Monsieur Andre Levasseur





Penrice—de Lattre

Miss Susan Annette de Lattre, only daughter of Mr. & Mrs. M. de Lattre, married Mr. Peter John Penrice, son of Mr. & Mrs. Ivor Penrice, Gerrards Cross, at St. Mary the Virgin, Stoneleigh, Warwickshire. The bridesmaids were Misses Susan and Lydia Schnabel, Miss Jean Wynford and Miss Susan Trahern



Clark—Beuttler

Miss Caroline Jayne Beuttler, 16-year-old daughter of Lt.-Col. & Mrs. L. Beuttler, Greycoat Gardens, London, married Mr. Alan Clark, son of Sir Kenneth & Lady Clark, Saltwood Castle, Hythe, Kent, at the Grosvenor Chapel, London



Conant—Ross-Wilson

Miss Katherine Anne Ross-Wilson, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Ross-Wilson, Gaddesby, Leicestershire, married Mr. Charles Richard Conant, son of Sir Roger & Lady Conant, Lyndon Hall, Oakham, Rutland, at St. Luke's Church, Gaddesby



Malim—Summers

Miss Carolyn Elizabeth Summers, younger daughter of Sir Geoffrey & Lady Summers, Craig-y-Castell, Dyerth, married Mr. Robin Hilary Beaumont Malim, Hyeldene, North Tawton, son of Mr. & Mrs. K. Malim, at Dyerth parish church



Cross—Rump

Miss Janet Mary Rump, daughter of Capt. & Mrs. R. H. Rump, Joss Cottage, Sparkford, Yeovil, married Mr. Anthony Ashton Cross, son of Cdr. & Mrs. G. J. A. Cross, Orchard Cottage, Sparkford, at Weston Bamfylde Church



Vandyk

Left: Miss Susan Caroline Webber to Mr. Robert Neville (Robin) Anderson
She is the younger daughter of Mr. & Mrs. E. A. J. Webber, Ashley Green, Buckinghamshire. He is the younger son of the late Captain Neville Anderson, & of Mrs. Anderson, Farran, Chesham Bois, Bucks



Right: Miss Laila Ilona Noble to Mr. Kenneth Magnus Spence
She is the daughter of Sir Andrew Noble, Bt., K.C.M.G., Her Majesty's Ambassador to Mexico, & Lady Noble. He is the son of the late Colonel P. M. Spence, M.C., & of Mrs. Spence, Deal, Kent



Lenare

SOCIAL JOURNAL

Ireland's liveliest social week

by JENNIFER

DUBLIN HORSE SHOW week is Ireland's gayest social event of the year. The show itself is one of the greatest in the world. Like the English shows, where season after season the same hacks and hunters win the same cups and championships, at Dublin, visitors seldom see the same horses in successive years. There are always new cup-winners and each year a new champion. This show is also the most successful medium for selling horses. Buyers come from all over the world and prizewinners fetch fancy prices.

This year there were more than 1,100 entries, the most since 1913! Once again that good judge of a young horse, Mr. Galway-Greer of Dunboyne, Co. Meath, produced the champion hunter. This was the good-looking heavyweight brown gelding Tenirife, well ridden by Mr. J. Gittins. I was interested to hear that the winner is a full brother to last year's Dublin champion, Work of Art, also exhibited by Mr. Galway-Greer. The reserve champion and winner of the Joseph Widger perpetual challenge cup was the four-year-old middleweight hunter Paddy, belonging to Commandant T. P. Finlay and ridden by Col. Dan Corry.

The show jumping during the week was of a high standard. On the first day I watched an international jumping competition over fly fences for the Pembroke Stakes, for which seven competitors completed two clear rounds. After several jump-offs the winner was Capitao H. Callado from Portugal, riding Martingil. In the next event the well-known Irish horsewoman Miss Iris Kellet (who with her little horse Rusty won so many competitions) broke her leg at one of the jumps. This was the same leg she broke so badly in a riding accident a few years ago, which kept

her out of the saddle for two years. We all wish her a speedy recovery this time. On the second day the best jumping performance was provided by the young American rider, Mr. Hugh Wiley (winner of King George V Cup at the White City last month). Riding the little Palomino horse, Nautical, he cleared a jump of 5 ft. 9 ins. with a six-foot spread and then a six-foot wall in the final jump-off of another international competition.

I was only over for the first two days of the show so I missed the four international teams, the United States, Ireland, Portugal and Great Britain, jumping for the Aga Khan Trophy. This year the beautiful Begum Aga Khan was at the show for the first time. She stayed with Lord & Lady Brocket and presented her late husband's trophy to the victorious British team—Mr. T. Charlesworth on Smokey Bob, Mrs. Banks on Earlsrath Rambler, Mr. H. Smith on Farmer's Boy and Mr. L. Hobbs on Royal Lord. Incidentally none of the riders had competed in an international event before. Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands was there with the President, with whom he was staying, to watch this exciting event.

People at the show

At the show I met the Hon. W. E. Wylie, Q.C., chairman of the executive committee for many years, his son Mr. John Wylie who takes control of the running commentary on the microphone, and Brigadier Eddie Boylan, who works as indefatigably as he does for flat-racing in Ireland. Then I met Professor Felix Hackett, Mr. H. J. Toler-Aylward, Lieut.-Col. Frank Boylan and Mr. F. H.



Lenare

Miss Cecilia Caroline Georgina Scott to Mr. Philip Walter Frank Arkwright, Royal Dragoons

She is the elder daughter of Commander G. T. A. Scott, R.N. (retd.), & Mrs. Scott, Studwell Lodge, Droxford, Hants. He is the younger son of the late Lieutenant-Colonel F. G. B. Arkwright, D.S.O., M.C., 12th Royal Lancers, & Mrs. E. F. Gosling, Windrush House, Inkpen, Berkshire



Yevonde

Miss Joanne Fenwick to Mr. A. Michael P. Barstow, Royal Irish Fusiliers

She is the only daughter of Commander & Mrs. C. E. Fenwick, Ellesmere, Barnham, Sussex. He is the elder son of Brigadier Barstow, U.K.S.L.S., & Mrs. Peregrine Barstow, Pretoria, South Africa

Langan. Also a number of staunch supporters who acted as stewards; among them the Marquess of Kildare (in charge of young stock), Lieut.-Col. Joe Hume Dudgeon, Viscount Powerscourt, Maj. J. W. R. Madden and the Hon. John Brooke (whose wife was among the prizewinners with her entries). Watching the judging of the hunter classes and the jumping I saw the Earl & Countess of Mount Charles (she was in blue with a multi-coloured swathed velvet turban), Mr. & Mrs. David Ainsworth, Mr. C. F. W. Burns (president of the Winter Fair in Toronto), Mr. & Mrs. Denis Domville, the Earl of Meath, Baron von Schroetter (president of the German Bloodstock Breeders Association), Viscount Dillon, Lady Hemphill, Lord & Lady Carew and their daughters the Hon. Diana and the Hon. Sarah Connolly-Carew, who both rode in classes.

Others I met included Lady Juliet Fitzwilliam, Col. & Mrs. Gerald Grosvenor (she was there for the first time and looked attractive in a blue dress with a white beret), Lady Cook and her daughter Hazel over from their home Sennowe Park in Norfolk, Miss Grace Carrol talking to Father Joseph Christie, the Hon. Mrs. Langrishe and her father-in-law Sir Terence Langrishe, Capt.



At the Black Watch's annual garden party, held at Doo'cat Park, Perth: Major A. D. Rowan-Hamilton (the C.O.) with Lady Forteviot and her daughter, the Hon. Penelope Dewar

Harrington, both successful exhibitors, his half-brother Mr. Alan Lillington, the Earl & Countess of Feversham (who were staying with Mr. & Mrs. Jackie Thursby), Sir Thomas Ainsworth, and Mrs. Dorian Williams (whose husband was judging hunters).

Tipperary's hunt ball

There were two first nights in the Dublin theatres that week—the musical *The Heart's A Wonder* at the Gaiety and the comedy *A Change Of Mind* at the Abbey—both of which I heard were entertaining.

The first hunt ball of the week (they have one or two every night during Horse Show Week) was the Tipperary Hunt Ball in the Shelbourne ballroom. Around 300 guests attended and it went on until daybreak. Noel Harrison flew over from London and gave a cabaret of continental songs and calypsos. Most of the men wore pink coats, which added gaiety to the scene. Among the guests were the Duchess of Westminster, the Earl & Countess of Donoughmore who had a big party including the Hon. Bruce & Mrs. Ogilvy, Mr. Alec Smith (who has been honorary secretary of the hunt for 30 years), his attractive wife, Miss Rose Hely-Hutchison, Mr. Martin Whitely, and the famous ear, throat and nose surgeon Mr. Tom Wilson (he is president of the Irish College of Surgeons) with Mrs. Wilson.

Others enjoying the ball included Lord Daresbury, Capt. Evan Williams, Master of the Tipperary and Mrs. Williams who both exhibited winning hunters at the show, Lady Helene Hilton-Green and her daughter Julia, Capt. & Mrs. John Alexander, Capt. & Mrs. Peter Borwick (he had been judging heavyweight hunters all day), Miss Anne Clutterbuck (daughter of the British Ambassador), and Mrs. Mary Annesley.

Flowers flown from Japan...

After the midnight cabaret I motored out to Luttrellstown Castle where Mr. & Mrs. Valerian Stux-Rybar were giving a ball in honour of members of the international teams. This was an elegant affair (pictures p. 314) in a lovely home with superb additional décor that ended with bacon and eggs long after the dawn. The women all wore their loveliest jewels and dresses and many of the officers were in uniform. They had come

straight from the official dinner given in their honour by the army at McKee Barracks, which was attended by the Irish Minister for Defence, Mr. Kevin Boland, and other ministers. Dancing was in the fine ballroom, lit by magnificent crystal chandeliers. An awning had been arranged over the long terrace at the side of the house. There palest blue, pink and yellow, artificial (Morning Glory) convolvulus, flown from Japan, were arranged on the wall above small supper tables and a long bar. In front of the house long lines of little lights marked out the lawns, and floodlights were used cleverly on the clipped yews.

... and pipers to play

Twice during the evening about two dozen pipers stood in the centre of this romantic picture playing their pipes and then fading away softly into the trees. There was a second dance-floor out of doors (happily it was fine and just warm enough to dance here) surrounded by tall Georgian urns full of pink convolvulus and festooned with pink and yellow ribbons. Music was provided by a Cuban band in brilliant satin costumes, who played under a well-lit cypress tree.

This décor was the work of the host, Mr. Stux-Rybar, who is well known in New York as one of the top interior decorators. Mrs. Stux-Rybar, who looked attractive in green-and-white printed chiffon with exquisite emerald and diamond jewellery, had her two pretty daughters Mrs. Michael Maclean and Miss Doon Plunket to help her look after the guests. I met Miss Plunket with the Earl Granville, who has been her escort on many occasions in recent months. The American Ambassador Mr. Stuart McLeod was there; also Sir Ivone Kirkpatrick, the Argentine Ambassador (Senor McGovern) and his wife, the Canadian Ambassador & Mrs. Alfred Rive and several other members of the diplomatic corps. The most beautiful and gracious figure present was undoubtedly the Begum Aga Khan, who wore a white mink stole over the palest orchid-mauve silk sari, with a fabulous diamond necklace and other lovely jewels. She came with Lady Brocket, Sir Jocelyn Lucas and Sir Rhys Llewellyn.

Lord & Lady Dunsany brought their party from Dunsany Castle which included her son-in-law and daughter the Hon. Francis and Mrs. Dashwood and Col. John Nelson

[Continued overleaf]



John G. Wilson

At Stirling Castle's annual garden party (given by officers of the Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders): Mrs. MacMillan, her husband General Gordon MacMillan of Knapp (colonel of the regiment), Major J. V. Parnell (C.O. of the castle), and Mrs. Parnell

EQUESTRIAN DUBLIN

Racing at Phoenix Park



Sir Alexander & Lady Nugent. They came up from Mullingar, Co. Westmeath



Lady Clark, wife of Sir George Clark, Bt., with Mrs. Graham Shillington



C. C. Fennell
Mr. J. Lenehan and Mrs. Anthony Burke.
She had a runner at the meeting



At the Dublin Horse Show the Begum Aga Khan presented the Aga Khan Trophy to Col. Kindersley, non-riding captain of the British team which won the international competition. With them in the picture is the President of the Irish Republic, Mr. Sean T. O'Kelly (right)

The Dublin Horse Show



Left: Mrs. J. M. Gibson, of Oakham, Rutland, and the Countess of Feversham, from Yorkshire. They judged the ladies' hunter classes. Right: Mrs. Noel Mahony, from Blarney, Co. Cork, with her champion heavyweight hunter, Rocky



Left: Sir George Brooke, Bt., the new joint-Master of the Killiney Kildares, and Mrs. John Alexander, Milford Carlow, a former Master of the Limerick Foxhounds. Right: The Earl & Countess of Bective, who were married in April. They live at Carton, Maynooth, Co. Kildare



The Duke of Buccleuch's Hunt summer dance
was held at St. Boswell's, Roxburghshire, in the home
of Mrs. J. R. Buller. Above: Sir Stuart Usher, Bt.,
Major Dennis Gregg and Lady Usher



Mr. Andrew Tarnowski with Miss Penelope Norman and
Miss Janet Adam



Mr. W. Scott-Kerr, secretary of the ball committee,
with Mrs. J. R. MacKenzie, the committee's chairman

Miss Rosemary Montagu-Douglas-Scott (niece of the
Duke of Buccleuch) and Mr. Nicholas Tresilian



Van Hallan

and his daughters Jennifer and Juliet. I met Lord and Lady Killanin, Mr. & Mrs. Jackie Thursby, Viscount Astor (who was sitting at one of the supper tables with Miss Elsa Maxwell—she had mellowed after her tempestuous outburst on her arrival in Dublin!) and the lovely Maharajah of Jaipur. The Maharajah of Jaipur was there; also Mary Duchess of Roxburghe, Sir Alfred & Lady Beit, Mr. & Mrs. Dermot McGillycuddy, Lady Petre (pretty in blue), Sir Charles & Lady Birkin, Sir Anthony Weldon, Lord & Lady Bruntisfield, Mrs. Edwin Hilson (who was staying at the American Embassy), Mr. & Mrs. Vyvyan Drury, talking to Mrs. Moorhouse and Sir Francis & Lady Peek.

From Dublin to Cowes

I flew back to London and went straight to the Isle of Wight for the Royal Yacht Squadron's ball at Cowes. Earlier in the day the Royal Yacht *Britannia* had left Cowes to take the Queen & Prince Philip and their children on a cruise up the coast of Wales and west coast of Scotland. Many people told me that despite the presence for two days of Prince Philip with the Prince of Wales and Prince Michael on board *Britannia* at Cowes, it had been an empty and quiet regatta week. Sailing conditions had been fairly good on the whole but rain and grey skies persisted instead of the vital sunshine.

The ball given by the Royal Yacht Squadron at The Castle was not overcrowded and I found it enjoyable. Dancing took place in the Platform and guests sat out overlooking the sea, where by day the sailing committee watch the racing. There are many interesting pictures, trophies and treasures to see in The Castle, including the wheel of the former Royal racing-yacht *Britannia* and the large and ornate white-and-gold wheel from the *Victoria & Albert*. Among those I saw at the ball were the Commodore of the R.Y.S., Sir Ralph Gore, with Lady Gore (she was in deep pink satin) and their son and daughter-in-law Mr. & Mrs. Brian Gore. Also the Vice-Commodore, the Marquess of Camden, who was busy looking after everyone, Earl St. Aldwyn (who had been officiating all day in the racing) & Countess St. Aldwyn, Sir Hugh Dawson, who was staying at the Squadron this year, as he has recently sold his boat *Verity*, and Major & Mrs. Harold Hall, who have sent their launch to the U.S. for official use with *Sceptre* during the practice and racing for the America's Cup. Mrs. Hall had done the beautiful flower arrangements at the ball with Mrs. Charles Wainman, who with her husband was in a party. They, like the Halls, are in the *Sceptre* syndicate and are going out to see the races.

Over from France

Viscountess Vaughan, who looked attractive in black, came with her husband from Bembridge where they are spending the summer with their three young sons. Monsieur François Ouvré, who is a member of the Yacht Squadron as well as the Yacht Club de France was at the ball with his *chic*

CORRECTION. Owing to a mistaken caption supplied with the photograph, a picture of the Hon. Annabel Hennessy and Mr. Roger Smith was wrongly described on p. 268 last week as Miss Vicky Master and Mr. Ian Boyd. The TATLER offers apologies to all concerned.

and charming wife; also Lord & Lady Churston, Col. Peter Dollar, Mr. & Mrs. Michael Crichton who have a house in Bembridge, Mr. & Mrs. Uffa Fox, Col. & Mrs. Towers Clark (they have one of the delightful flats overlooking the Squadron in Cowes), Mr. & Mrs. Sparke-Davies, Major Robert & the Hon. Mrs. O'Brien, the Hon. Robert & Mrs. Boscowen, Mr. Farrant Gillham (Commodore of the Royal London Yacht Club) and his wife and Lady Fairey, who came with Air Commodore & Mrs. J. C. Quinnell.

Others were Mr. Tony Crean and Mr. John Millar (both keen and successful helmsmen), Mrs. Henry Dreyfus, Capt. R. Bolitho and his pretty daughter Mrs. Llewellyn, Capt. & Mrs. M. Boyle, Mr. & Mrs. "Sonny" Andreea, and Mr. & Mrs. Dick Fremantle. Earlier in the day, during racing at Cowes, Mr. Fremantle was at the helm of the Hon. Max Aitken's sloop *Drumbeat* when she won the New York Club Challenge Cup.

I stayed at the Pitt House Club at Bembridge and had planned to go over to Cowes for the day next morning, but woke to find it pouring with rain. So instead I visited friends in Bembridge and some of their charming homes, about which I will write next week.

Bembridge's sailing ball

The week ended with the annual Bembridge Sailing Club ball held at the club, where a large marquee is always built for sitting out. This had been transformed into a "square-rigged ship" with miniature rope-ladders and exotic sails of prawn-pink silk organza lit by ships' lanterns, with fishing-nets around the walls. Paul Anstee had devised this clever décor, which had been carried out by Sir Derrick Gunston and a few helpers. There were superb flowers too in the ballroom in the club house, arranged by Mrs. Aspinall Oglander and Mrs. Garnham. Five hundred and fifty tickets were sold and a number of the guests dined here.

All the food for the evening, which included whole salmon, ox tongues, hams, salads and fresh fruit salad, garnished in the most professional way, had been prepared by Mrs. Clifton and two assistants. Her husband has been steward of the sailing club for about seven years. Capt. Montague Lowry-Corry, the Commodore of the club, was ill, so the Vice-Commodore (Mr. "Sonny" Andreea) and the Rear-Commodore (Mr. Michael Crichton) took charge and looked after everyone, as did Sir Derrick & Lady Gunston who for some years have done so much in organizing the dance. Among the guests were Sir Ralph & Lady Gore, the Marquess of Camden, Mrs. Andreea, Mrs. Michael Crichton, the Earl & Countess of Malmesbury, Sir Antony & Lady Bonham and his sister Mrs. Bill Curling with her husband, Lieut.-Col. "Cuckoo" & Lady Georgiana Starkey who are staying at the Spithead Hotel, M. & Mme. François Ouvré, talking to Earl & Countess St. Aldwyn (the countess in dark-grey brocade with magnificent diamonds), Lord & Lady Northbrook, Mr. Patrick de Laszlo and his lovely wife who had a big party.

There were also: Prince & Princess Rupprecht zu Lowenstein and her aunt Miss Patricia Lowry-Corry, Mr. & Mrs.

[Continued overleaf]



Van Hallan

Dawyck, at Stobo in Peebles-shire, is the home of Mrs. Alastair Balfour. It was floodlit for the coming-out dance she gave for her two nieces

Mrs. Alastair Balfour's dance in Peebles-shire



Mrs. Alastair Balfour with her husband and her nieces, Miss Grania Gurievitch and Miss Patricia Norman. Miss Gurievitch comes from New York and Miss Norman is the daughter of Brig. & Mrs. H. R. Norman of Kemsing, Kent



A marquee on the lawn was illuminated by Chinese lanterns. Above: Mr. John Macdonald, Lady Elizabeth Charteris, daughter of the Earl of Wemyss & March, Mr. Michael Nairn and Miss Janet Adam



Mr. Nigel Pease and Miss Sally Croker-Poole



The Countess of Dalkeith (she gave a supper party for the dance) and Mr. David Reid



Miss Jean Maxwell-Scott and Major Q. St. J. Carpendale, of the Royal Tank Regiment



Mrs. V. Stux-Rybar (she gave the party at Luttrellstown Castle, see Jennifer, page 312) with Prince Charles D'Ahrenberg and the Irish harpist, Miss Kathleen Watkins



The Maharajah and Maharani of Jaipur were among the guests at the Luttrellstown Castle during the Dublin Horse Show



Miss Doon Plunket with Earl Granville. He is a cousin of the Queen



The Hon. Patrick Campbell, son of Lord Glenavy, with Miss Elsa Maxwell, the New York society columnist

Douglas Bader, the Hon. Desmond & Mrs. Chichester, Baroness von Hoyningen-Huene, Col. & Mrs. Charles Wainman, Lieut.-Col. Anthony Murray Smith, Lieut.-Col. & Mrs. James Allason (who had a cocktail party before the dance and brought on a group of friends including Viscount & Viscountess Vaughan), Mr. Joseph Rank and his attractive wife, and Mr. & Mrs. David Wilkinson. Mrs. Spencer le Marchant was with her father Brig. Hugh & Mrs. Leveson-Gower, and I saw Mr. & Mrs. Jack Raymond. Mrs. Raymond was wearing the most striking dress in the room. It was embroidered all over in gold sequins.

Others I saw: Mr. & Mrs. Eskdale Fishburn, who had come over from St. Lawrence, Mr. & Mrs. Clare O'Rorke, Sir Hugh Dawson (a former Commodore of the club), Commander Peter Thornycroft, Mr. & Mrs. Michael Wood (she had been sailing her Redwing, *Svalan*), Col. & Mrs. Philip Tower who had been sailing the Redwing *Capella II*, which they share with Mr. Sneyd-Kynnersley, at Cowes. Col. Tower commands the Gunners at Bulford and was off next morning to play polo for the regiment at Windsor.

Young guests included Lord Farnham, Miss Caroline Clive and her brother Colin, Miss Joanna Hirsch, Mr. Julian English Jones, Miss Edwina Sandys, the Hon. John St. Aubyn and the Hon. Caroline Grenfell.

A wedding in Chester Square

The Dean of Windsor, Bishop E. K. C. Hamilton, officiated at the marriage of Mr. Georg-Wilhelm von Mallinckrodt, son of Herr & Frau Arnold von Mallinckrodt of Cologne-Marienburg and Miss Charmaine Schroder, daughter of Mr. & Mrs. Helmut Schroder, at St. Michael's, Chester Square (picture: page 312). The bride, who was given away by her father, wore a dress of pearl-tinted duchesse satin. The train was appliquéd with Brussels lace. Her long tulle veil was held by a diamond and turquoise tiara. Her child attendants were Timothy Schroder (in long cream satin trousers and a silk shirt) and Katherine Darell (in a long cream net dress and a pale blue sash). The older bridesmaids, Miss Hortense and Miss Marion von Mallinckrodt, Miss Sarah Platt, Miss Caroline Clive, Miss Rose Hely-Hutchinson, Miss Sarah Forster, Miss Jill Wright and Miss Maja von Malaise, wore long dresses of pale-blue wild silk with head-dresses of cream roses.

After the ceremony the bride and bridegroom's parents received their friends at the Hyde Park Hotel. Among the guests were the German Ambassador (Herr von Herwath), Prince & Princess Frederick of Prussia, Count Clemens von Stauffenberg (who was best man), Mr. Bruno Schroder, the Earl & Countess of Perth, Sir Oswald Darell, the Marquess & Marchioness of Bute, Mr. Alex Abel Smith, Brigadier & Mrs. Derek Schreiber and Mrs. Henry Tiarks and her daughter Henrietta. The bride was driven to the church and later to the reception by Mr. Stanley Jenne, who has been the family chauffeur since 1931. He drove Charmaine and her brother to their christenings. After the young couple have been on honeymoon in Spain they are going to New York, where the bridegroom, like the bride's father, works in banking.



CHAMPION Mrs. Clarice Arthur, of Bushey, won the Hertfordshire ladies' championship and plans to compete in the world championships next year. She uses a bow made of fibreglass



CROWNING Lady Megan Lloyd George took part in the procession of bards during the crowning ceremony at the Royal National Eisteddfod of Wales, held at Ebbw Vale



CONQUEST The tennis cup competed for by finishing schools in Switzerland was won by two English girls, Jane des Voeux and Tessa Chance from the Clos des Abeilles in the Chateau d'Oex



COMMAND Brass-hats take orders from the sergeant-major (R.S.M. Crickmore, Grenadier Guards) as they deploy for a photograph at the Staff College. The occasion was the annual conference held by the C.I.G.S., Sir Gerald Templer (front row, fourth from right, next to Mr. Julian Amery, War Under-Secretary). High-ranking officers, from all commands, include the Australian and New Zealand chiefs of staff (in light uniforms), and the U.S. Army chief of staff (behind Sir Gerald)



NEWS PORTRAITS

CELEBRATION Viscount Chelsea, heir of the Earl & Countess Cadogan, cuts his 21st birthday cake. The viscount was presented with a .300 rifle by the tenants, employees and tradesmen of the Snaigow family estate in Perthshire



P. K. McLaren



Speaking as a Scot abroad...

A distinguished author wonders whether there is too much kilt-waving too far from home

by IVOR BROWN

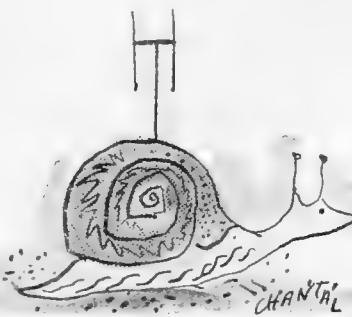
THE BEST SIGN of affection for a country is that you stay in it or, if you can't stay, that you return as often as you can. Nothing is proved by dressing up and shouting. I have an American friend, with only one eighth of Scottish blood in him, who comes to Scotland and travels widely there every summer. He loves it all, including the less spectacular fishing harbours of the East Coast and the areas that are beautiful without being "beauty-spots." With rare exceptions the climate does its best to dissuade him from further journeys. Wilfred Taylor, columnist of *The Scotsman*, has observed that rain is one of Scotland's heavy industries. My friend knows all about that—and still he comes.

But there is one thing he will not do, that is to join the St. Andrew's Society in his transatlantic home town. He finds intolerable the super-Scottish junketings of expatriate Caledonians and of some with the vaguest of claims to be either Lowlander or Highlander. Wearing the tartan is a proper native exercise for the Scots who stay put and have a right to the various "weaves." These are, like the aforesaid rains, a genuine local product and, unlike the rains, they are suitably warm. But Tartanitis is an ugly disease and often, like physical plagues, most poisonous when furthest spread.

Queen Victoria was a true lover of Scotland and her Ministers dragged, reluctant Balmoralists, to put in long spells of "duty" residence on Deeside could hardly coax her south in the late autumn. She was an early, a life-long, and a happy victim of Tartanitis, as her upholstery and wall-papers showed. But this was in its natural haunt. She did not stage clan-carnivals in the prairies. But there are those who, in the names of St.

Andrew and Robert Burns, would set the pipers blowing a full Gael at the Equator.

We are all psychologists nowadays and must probe all passions to the core. The zest for being Scottish, at all costs and in all places, even at the cost of being ludicrous, has to be analysed. Can it be a reaction to the stimulus of being, as a race, jocosely resented, if not heartily hated? Disliking the Scots has for centuries been a major English



pastime, as English writers have abundantly shown.

Mr. Aneurin Bevan's opinion that all Tories are vermin had an early parallel in a Shakespearian character's dismissal of "the weasel Scot" who thieves the English eggs. (As bad as Taffy, Mr. Bevan.) Of course the Scots asked for trouble, when King James the Sixth and First brought a train of go-getting Caledonians to the fowl-run of the Jacobean court in London. Pictophobia was further encouraged when Lord Bute led another horde of weasels to the Georgian hen-roosts. Nowadays the rage has dwindled and Downing Street is accustomed to tenants with Scottish names. And other streets too.

It was once said of a journalist that, though born in County Kerry, he had worked so long in Fleet Street that he died with a good Scottish accent.

But the rancour had a good run. Dr. Johnson's gibes are too familiar to be worth quoting. Sidney Smith expressed his contempt for Scottish Calvinism, which was just, and for Scottish oat-cakes, which was not. The "land of cakes" need not be ashamed of its bannocks. Even the amiable Elia wrote, "I have been trying all my life to like Scotsmen and have been obliged to desist from the experiment in despair." He found them tediously fond of literal truth and said "I have a great mind to give up Burns."

Burns, of course, through no fault of his own, has been a great irritation to the English. Does he not set them clasping hot hands on New Year's Eve and singing "Auld Lang Syne" with a sticky embarrassment and considerable ignorance as to the meaning of the words? The skirlings and speechifying of a "nicht wi" Burns" can be vexatious indeed. Since the two-hundredth anniversary of Robbie's birth occurs next January we are in for a record output of haggis, whisky, oratory and Hoch-ay hilarity. Only share-holders in the Distillers' Company can view the prospect without panic.

Burns was bound to be popular because he wrote something for everybody to quote: he moralised, which gratifies the righteous, and he praised abundant freedom, in love and libations, which was a joy to the amorous and the absorbent. It is now the fashion to emphasise his naughtiness and print in full the songs which Victorian editors suppressed. I have just been reading a book by Mr. Cyril Pearl called *Bawdy Burns*, which amply



BRIGGS



by Graham





By pony to explore the Highlands

A new public is learning to love the Highlands through the boom in pony-trekking. Introduced as recently as 1952, this fascinating way of exploring the glens and viewing the grandeur of the mountain ranges now brings a growing flow of young people to holiday in Scotland. Each rider has a pony for a week, and every day a guide leads a party through the loveliest countryside. In this picture, taken near Newtonmore, a party sets off across the heather-covered moor into the Cairngorm Mountains

addition, but I do not doubt that there are frothy expatriates who are capable of that. And I know that Scotland, in the centres of tourism, does a hideous trade in tartan gew-gaws, "Wee gifties frae yont the border." On

these, I have sometimes noticed, you can read "Made in Switzerland."

It is wise not to pretend that the business of watching Highland Games at a fashionable gathering is endurable for more than an hour or two. The canny spectators know when to slip away and the canny Scots, for there really are such, know with anguish when bogus Scotticism is making a fool of their country and slip away from that.

B. A. YOUNG
*whose article is held over
will be writing next week*



The FIRST LAIRD in AW SCOTIA—or A VIEW at EDINBURGH in August, 1822.
"O my Bonny Bonny Highland Laddie, my Handsome, Charming Highland Laddie!"

GEORGE IV BOOSTED THE KILT WITH HIS FULL-DRESS TURN-OUT IN EDINBURGH (1822)

TARTAN: *a guide for nervous visitors*

by ALEXANDER SELDON

AUGUST for Scotland to shoot grouse, to set the sashes swirling at a Highland ball, or to visit the Edinburgh Festival. Whatever his purpose, the visitor will be met with tartan—and tartan worn by Celts in all the arrogance that belonging to a superior race conveys. Pity the South Briton who arrives in Scotland knowing that he can neither claim a tartan of his own, nor recognize those he sees on other people. Can his fright be justified or is this another example of Gaelic guile?

It is partly guile, partly graft. Before he crosses the border the Englishman's memories of the cloth of many colours are either military or vinous. He remembers perhaps seeing the Highland Division enter Tripoli and having the distinction between the sombre shade of the Black Watch and the red of the Cameron Highlanders explained to him. He was told at the time how distinct were the tartans of these two heroic races. More recently, he recalls visits to certain taverns, where, through the bottom of his glass of Scotch ale, he sees separate tartan setts—MacDonald of Glengarry, Fraser of Lovat, or Buchanan (the last a nice emetic shade)—neatly framed on the walls. One thing is certain: all Englishmen are in terror of confusing the clans' tartans. As well might an outsider speak of Pop to an old Harrovian.

But tartan is not so antique, nor is it subject to such rigid rights as the Scots so confidently assert. The drastic powers exercised by the Lord Lyon King of Arms over heraldry do not extend to tartan, and you can walk into one of Edinburgh's elegant haberdashers and purchase a length of any pattern that pleases you. This is perfectly proper, since if tartan was not invented by Sir Walter Scott and two enterprising Edinburgh tailors, there is no doubt that they had a lot to do with it. Nowadays tartan is the one design that is never out of fashion; and no Scot will tolerate interference with his profits—not even for the sake of history.

No one has proved that tartan originally

belonged to particular clans or families. In fact the proof is the other way. The Scottish sage, George Buchanan—essentially a realist—wrote nearly 400 years ago that the Highlanders in their dress, "prefer a dark brown, imitating nearly the leaves of the heather, that when lying upon the heath in the day they may not be described by the appearance of their clothes." The true origin is an early form of camouflage, more useful but less spectacular than descent from the dress of the Celtic chiefs.

The biggest single impulse in the propagation of tartan was given by the House of Commons when they said it was not to be worn. After Prince Charles Edward's defeat in 1746 the wearing of the "Plaid, Philibeg or little Kilt" was forbidden by Act of Parliament. The Act was rigorously enforced, and not till the Proscription Law was repealed in 1782 did tartan recover its former fame. There was then a pleasurable twinge of guilt in wearing something once forbidden, and the officers of the new Highland regiments soon saw that tartan also set off their figures in

AN EARLY EXAMPLE OF MILITARY TARTAN. A BLACK WATCH SOLDIER (THIS ONE, FARQUHAR SHAW, WAS A NOTED DESERTER) FROM A PRINT OF 1745



more courtly pursuits. This process was helped by the visit of George IV to Edinburgh in 1822 when His Majesty delighted his loyal subjects by a dramatic appearance in Highland dress. Since then more and more tartans have been invented—almost enough to satisfy the humble craving of visitors from the New World to identify themselves with some historic house.

Not that anyone would suggest that tartan is meant to be funny. The origin of the Black Watch—perhaps the best known—tartan is still seriously debated. Some say it was invented by Lord Crawford who had the commission to raise the regiment. Others say it is primarily a Campbell tartan (this is unlikely since the Black Watch have never recruited from the Campbell country) or that the Black Watch design was common to several other tartans from the districts where the regiment was first raised. Perhaps the regimental tailor happened to have ready a weave of the basic blue, green and black, which could be generally accepted—and delivered on the spot.

Last year, when Scotland was reft by the proposal to amalgamate the Royal Scots Fusiliers and the Highland Light Infantry one of the big controversies was: which tartan should the combined regiment wear? The number of protests carried to Downing Street show how tartan has become a creed—especially as the soldiers in question will normally wear battle-dress.

A final warning, lest you should think that the ancient garb of the Scottish chiefs is now entirely on the open market. One night when *Brigadoon* was playing at Her Majesty's Theatre the company received an alarming message. The imperious figure of the Gentle Lochiel, father of the present Chief of the Clan Cameron, was in the stalls. He wished to discuss certain errors in their tartan. But—and this is perhaps the moral—the company had already fallen so far under tartan's insidious charm that the crisis was weathered in champagne, celebrating with the chief their correction.



The capital of the Campbells

Inveraray Castle (above) is the historic headquarters of the Clan Campbell and home of the dukes of Argyll. The castle has lately been restored and the royal burgh nearby is to have similar treatment



HIGHLAND CHIEFTAIN : Ian Douglas, 11th Duke of Argyll, is the present head of the Clan Campbell. Here he wears a kilt of Campbell tartan, crested blue Balmoral bonnet and black brogues. He succeeded his cousin as head of the clan in 1949



The burgh of Inveraray with the castle turrets peeping through the trees (*upper left*). The road, running alongside Loch Fyne, leads across a bridge designed for the 5th duke and away to beautiful Loch Lomond

Below left: The Duke of Argyll's study. The portrait is of Lord Frederick Campbell, the 4th duke's son. The collection of gold plate in the state dining-room (*below, right*) includes 17th-century wheeled galleons decorating the table

The white-painted lower walls of the Great Hall are hung with a formidable array of old arms—Lochaber axes, bearing the mottoes of the houses of Argyll, Breadalbane and Sutherland. Many of these old weapons were used in the '45





A to of ro
luchess (above, left). Elizabeth Gunning was the wife of two dukes (the 6th Duke of Hamilton after his death the 5th Duke of Argyll) and the mother of four (the 7th and 8th dukes of Argyll and the 6th and 7th dukes of Argyll). This picture hangs in the south-west drawing-room.



Right: The present Duchess of Argyll photographed working a tapestry in the library



Arms of the principal Campbell branches adorn the ceiling panels

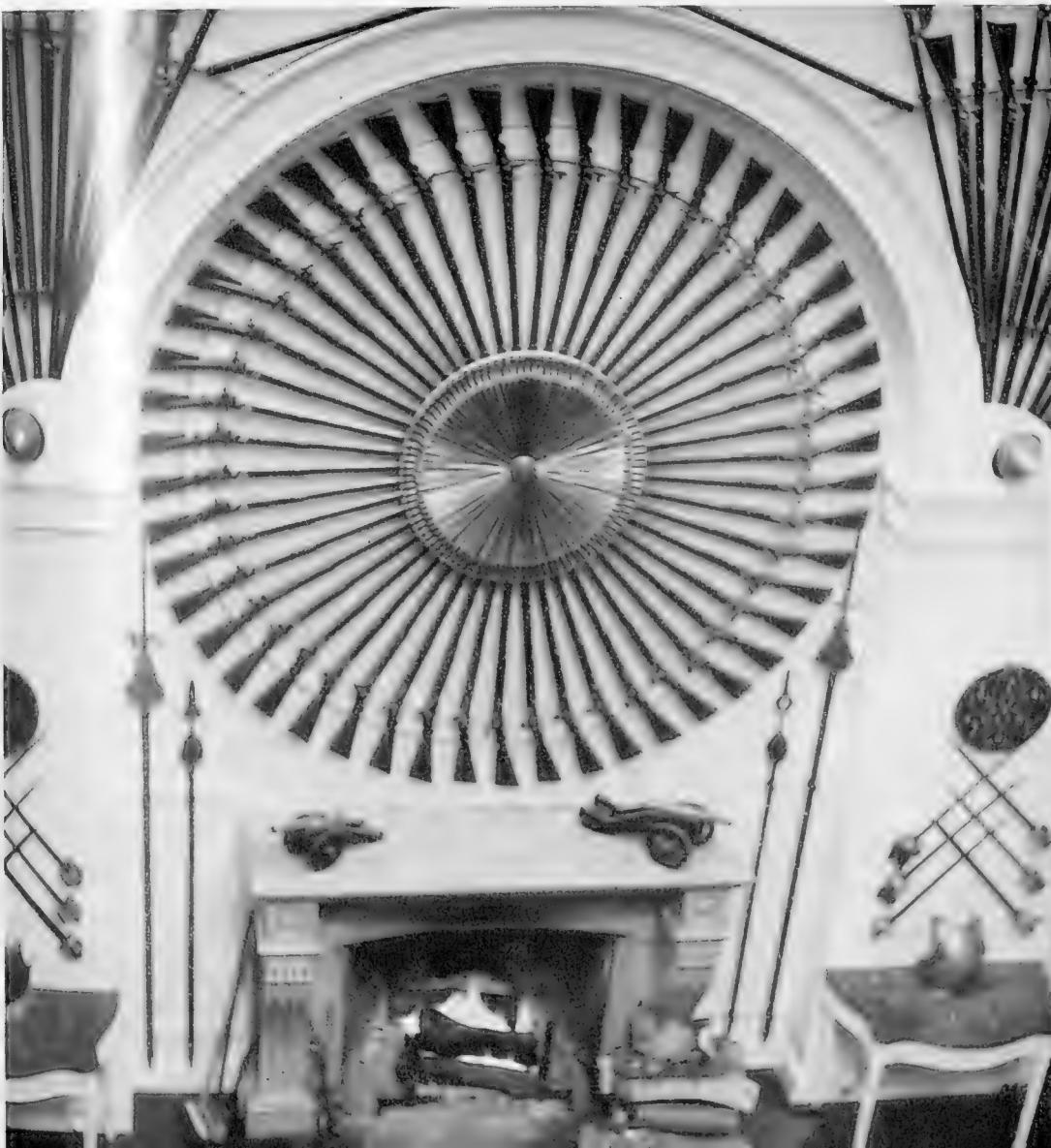
Where Boswell and Johnson stopped off

At the foot of Glen Aray, by the waters of Loch Fyne's long sea arm into the wilds of the Scottish Highlands, stands the grey-walled Inveraray Castle, ancestral seat of the Duke of Argyll. Head of the House & Clan of Campbell, he is also Heritable Master of the Royal Household in Scotland, Admiral of the Western Coasts & Isles, and Keeper of the castles of Carrick, Tarbert, Dunoon and Dunstaffnage. In the last few years he has had historic Inveraray splendidly restored from roof to cellar.

The present castle was built by the third duke, near the site of an earlier fortress of the Campbell chiefs. Work was held up by the Jacobite rising of '45, during which Inveraray became the area H.Q. of royalist opposition to the rebellion. The foundation stone was eventually not laid until after Culloden. William Adam of Maryburgh directed the work and one of his four famous sons, James, later designed most of the castle's interior.

Johnson and Boswell visited the castle after their famous Hebridean tour (Johnson thought the castle should have been a storey higher—as it now is, after a fire that later destroyed the central hall's roof). Robert Burns was another visitor, but was displeased with the duke's hospitality and scratched some invective verse on the windowpane of his lodging. Queen Victoria recorded an appreciative description of the castle in her journal of August, 1847.

Below the building stands the ancient Royal Burgh of Inveraray, originally a cluster of cottages round the castle but later moved to the lochside in a piece of 18th-century town-planning. It is of such architectural interest that the Minister of Works has lately made grants for its restoration. The work will be done in accordance with the original designs.



Beethoven and the bawbees

Behind the enthusiasm and applause at the ambitious Edinburgh Festival lurks a financial crisis that is still unsolved after eleven seasons

BEETHOVEN suggests sublimity and Klemperer is the supreme Beethoven conductor. Let them join forces in Edinburgh next Sunday with a performance of *The Consecration Of The House*, and what have you? The world's most comprehensive arts festival well and truly consecrated for the 12th time—and a loss of about 5s. 6d. on each seat.

This little matter of bawbees looms large in Edinburgh because the average cost of a festival seat is only 11s. Apply the loss proportionately and the price of the top seat for the Spanish Opera-Ballet (Victoria de los Angeles and Antonio on the same bill) would be about £3 10s. If this revelation makes you wonder how anyone, except the 450 critics and reporters, manages to afford concert-going in Edinburgh, then let me whisper the magic word *subsidies*.

The trouble with the Edinburgh is its sheer scope. In the space of three weeks it seeks to provide—and does—entertainment that would suffice London for a season. Initial costs being what they are these days, capacity bookings imply nothing except the smallest possible loss—which in 1957 amounted to £65,000 before contributions were taken into account. From this we may rightly suppose that our age is not ideal for running festivals, and that all festivals from Edinburgh to Cheltenham, from Pitlochry to Haslemere are acts of faith brought about by someone's vision or foolhardiness—according to how you look at it.

Certainly the Edinburgh is an artistic success. Planned to be a credit to Scotland and a stimulant to the world, it had to be a grandiose affair for the simple reason that Scotland had never produced a Mozart or Shakespeare. So there is no cashing in on one particular hero as they do in Salzburg, Bayreuth and Stratford. Anyway the first Festival was launched in 1947 on a public fund of £60,000 and immediately established itself in the public imagination. But is artistic success enough? Not long after the last Festival the Artistic Director, Mr. Robert Ponsonby, declared bluntly that unless more bawbees were forthcoming Edinburgh might soon cease to contribute to the gaiety of nations.

Before the war costs were more reasonable, and though the festival bug had not bitten the British in the same way, it was possible to run a high-level drama festival at Malvern and not queue for the bankruptcy court. In 1939 a company which included Yvonne

Arnaud, Irene Vanbrugh, Herbert Lomas, Ernest Thesiger and Cecil Trounee, paid homage to Shaw, who obliged with a new play. Now drama festivals of this calibre are inconceivable, unless you chance to live in Stratford where the fine Memorial Theatre (subscribed for mainly by American contributions) succeeds with a seven- or eight-month season. Abroad it is different. The Salzburg Festival can rely on having 40 per cent of its deficit made good by the Austrian Federal Government. If our Treasury were similarly responsible for Edinburgh it would have obliged last year with £26,000.

Yet the British persevere with opera and dinner for four guineas at Ingestre Hall, 18th-century music at Bath, and contemporary music at Cheltenham, a fresh blossoming of Britten's genius at Aldeburgh, and the Three Choirs and Leeds to come later in the year. Thanks to a generous gift from the ITV Aldeburgh hopes to break even and the ingenious ladies of Bath helped things out there with a ball that raised £750. In spite of this the news that you intend to donate a

FESTIVAL COMMENTARY

by Kenneth Gregory

few hundred will cause any of the treasurers to jump for joy; they count in hundreds.

Not so in Edinburgh. Remind the Lord Provost that our new patron of the arts, ITV, is about to subsidize Beethoven out of *Dragnet* and Liberace, and he will probably smile grimly. For Edinburgh is about to startle the world with five symphony orchestras, 20 recital groups, five operas, 12 specially commissioned ballets, not to mention a brand-new play by T. S. Eliot and the British première of O'Neil's *Long Day's Journey Into Night*, with Fredric March topping the cast. The only plausible remedy for Edinburgh, which one year lost £41,000 on opera alone, is its own TV programme.

How then does it survive? Because its subsidies, though insufficient by far in Edinburgh, are still of such a size that any other arts festival would gape at the £84,000 paid over in nine years by Scottish Command—responsible for the Military Tattoo—and exist on that alone. For the period 1947-57 Edinburgh Corporation gave £172,000 and the Arts Council £69,000, local business-men averaging a mere £10,000 a year



Still Edinburgh sighs and hints gently that, notwithstanding, the aggregate deficit for the past four years has been £85,000

The sad fact is that Edinburgh, although a capital city of unrivalled loveliness, is just not designed to be a home of the arts within the context of modern society. First-class hotel accommodation is insufficient—this is admitted on all sides. But what if capital should become available for a new large hotel, where are the theatres large enough to seat the additional visitors and reduce the festival deficit?

Edinburgh—or so assert the critics from London, who watch their own theatres being pulled down and so feel able to give advice—requires a new opera house, a theatre and a festival centre. Very well, let us consider them built. What does Edinburgh do with its *La Scala* for the remaining 49 weeks of the year? There are only three full-time opera companies in all Britain, and only one capable of filling a large house. Are the Scots suddenly to form their own opera company, and if they do, are the half-million citizens of Edinburgh ready to proclaim themselves vultures for culture with an Italianate demand for opera? Eliza Doolittle can best answer this one.

Will Edinburgh find its own way out? Outside help on a lavish scale is unlikely, and meanwhile the 90,000 visitors are spending an estimated £2½ million during the Festival. The local hoteliers and shopkeepers, accused of parsimony in their response to appeals for money, may answer that the Festival occurs at the height of the tourist season when they are full anyway. But it is a gilt-edged security and brings considerable prestige to the city.

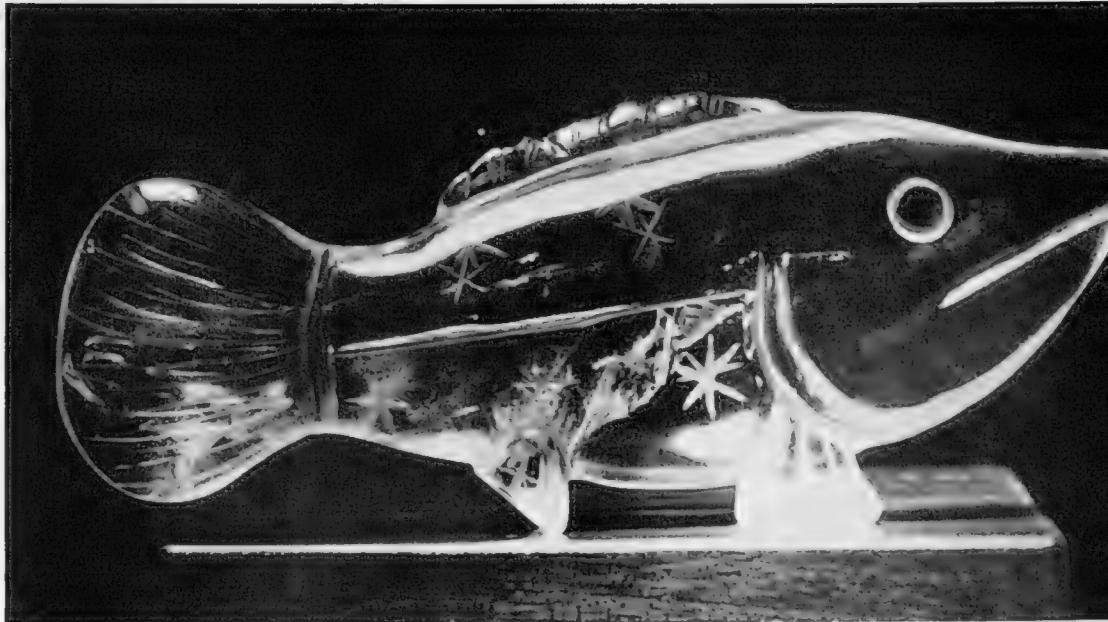
For the moment we may simply wonder at the miracle of past seasons and trust that the Festival may be able, in the words of an earlier Eliot character, to "work out its own salvation with diligence." Meanwhile, to glowing memories of past years—Beecham's inspired handling of *Ariadne auf Naxos*, Mitropoulos and the New York Philharmonic turning Vaughan Williams's Fourth Symphony into an apocalyptic wonder, Corena as Verdi's Falstaff, Guinness in *The Cocktail Party*, and the lieder recitals by Kathleen Ferrier and Bruno Walter—to all these doubtless 1958 will add something.

A crystal fish (right) owned by M. Armand Trampitsch, Paris. The exhibits cover the period A.D. 330-1453

The Twelve Apostles are depicted on this icon (left), lent by the Moscow Museum of Fine Art

EDINBURGH EXHIBITION

The Art of Byzantium



Europe's collections lend these rare treasures for a Festival display at the Royal Scottish Museum



From the Cathedral treasury at Vilnius comes this carved ivory casket



Mythological scenes decorate this 7th-century silver dish. Also from the Hermitage Museum, Leningrad



Russia has lent many items, including this enamelled gold cross from Moscow's Museum of Fine Art



This richly embossed amphora was made at Conesti in Moldavia. From the Hermitage Museum



A reliquary of Helen and Constantine has been lent by the cathedral treasury of Nonantola, Italy



THE
TATLER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY A. V. SWAEBE

At Cowes for the —and, of course, the p



A Swallow-class yacht, the *Clodagh Mary*, prepares for racing. Aboard: Mr. Nim Ellam and Mr. Stewart Morris



The starters for the Royal Thames Yacht Club races. L. to r.: Sir Geoffrey Lowles, Mr. Glyn... and Major Charles Ball



Mr. & Mrs. Michael Colvin and Mr. & Mrs. Anthony Jalliers Pratt in the cockpit of their boat



Mr. & Mrs. R. T. Lowen and their daughter Christina. Their yacht had just been launched



Miss Mary Miller-Jones and Miss Pat... Jones. They sailed in the Sunbeam Wh...

racing, the people
parties (*alongside* ➤)



Mr. K. Polard, Mr. Alec Haworth



Cdr. Michael Parker, formerly Prince Philip's equerry



The Royal London Yacht Club dance was held at Northwood Park. Above: The Countess of Westmorland with Mr. & Mrs. Uffa Fox



Suppers were served in a marquee. Above: Miss Josephine Keliher and Mr. Hugh Janson



Miss Santa Raymond and Mr. David Acland

Mr. Farrant Gillham, Commodore of the R.L.Y.C. and his wife



A champagne party was held by the R.L.Y.C. the night before the ball. Above: Mr. E. Sparke-Davies and the Hon. Mrs. Robert O'Brien



Mrs. Robert Pitcairn and Mr. Peter Methuen at the champagne party



Mrs. Charles Nicholson and Mrs. Geoffrey Blake. The party was held in the clubhouse

Mr. Sam Browne and Miss Deirdre Butler



THEATRE

Soho and the swoon-agers

by ANTHONY COOKMAN

A PART from a sentimental love story and a tongue-in-the-cheek happy ending, *Expresso Bongo* makes precious few concessions to the popular notion of a British musical. Yet it has established itself firmly at the Saville. Perhaps Mr. Wolf Mankowitz and the adaptors of his short story might have got a more enthusiastic press if they had happened to be American; for this musical satire on the teen-ager crooning racket bites every bit as amusingly as did *Guys and Dolls* and it can give the over-praised *Pal Joey* points and a beating at its own tough game.

It is satire that, trusting to its vitality, goes cruelly straight to the mark. Nobody in the racket is spared. Not the dreadful child manhandled into a bogus celebrity; not the seedy agent who does the handling; not the tougher sharks who push their accomplice off "the gravy train" just as it is running into real richness; not the society vampires find-

ing a new cheap sensation in the raw youth; and certainly not the swooning be-jeaned morons in the background on whose hysterical frenzy the whole phony vogue of the boy prodigy is built. The flaying in each instance is merciless, and there is no doubt that the cruelty is relished. Has ever a light musical audience heard a more sombre account of

the human plan than that given by the lyric explaining that "nothing is for nothing" and that "I'll look after you, Jack, if you'll look after me" is the only working rule for a world where living creatures feed on living creatures? Yet it is this solemn chant by four slightly frightened human sharks which is the hit of the evening at the Saville.

The lyric itself brilliantly expresses the essential atmosphere of a story which is at its best when moving jerkily and noisily through the jazz clubs, coffee bars and strip-tease theatres of Soho. It is here that the down-and-out agent has the sharp wit to recognize that there is something in the caterwauling and drum-tapping nonsense of a particular teen-ager which, properly handled,

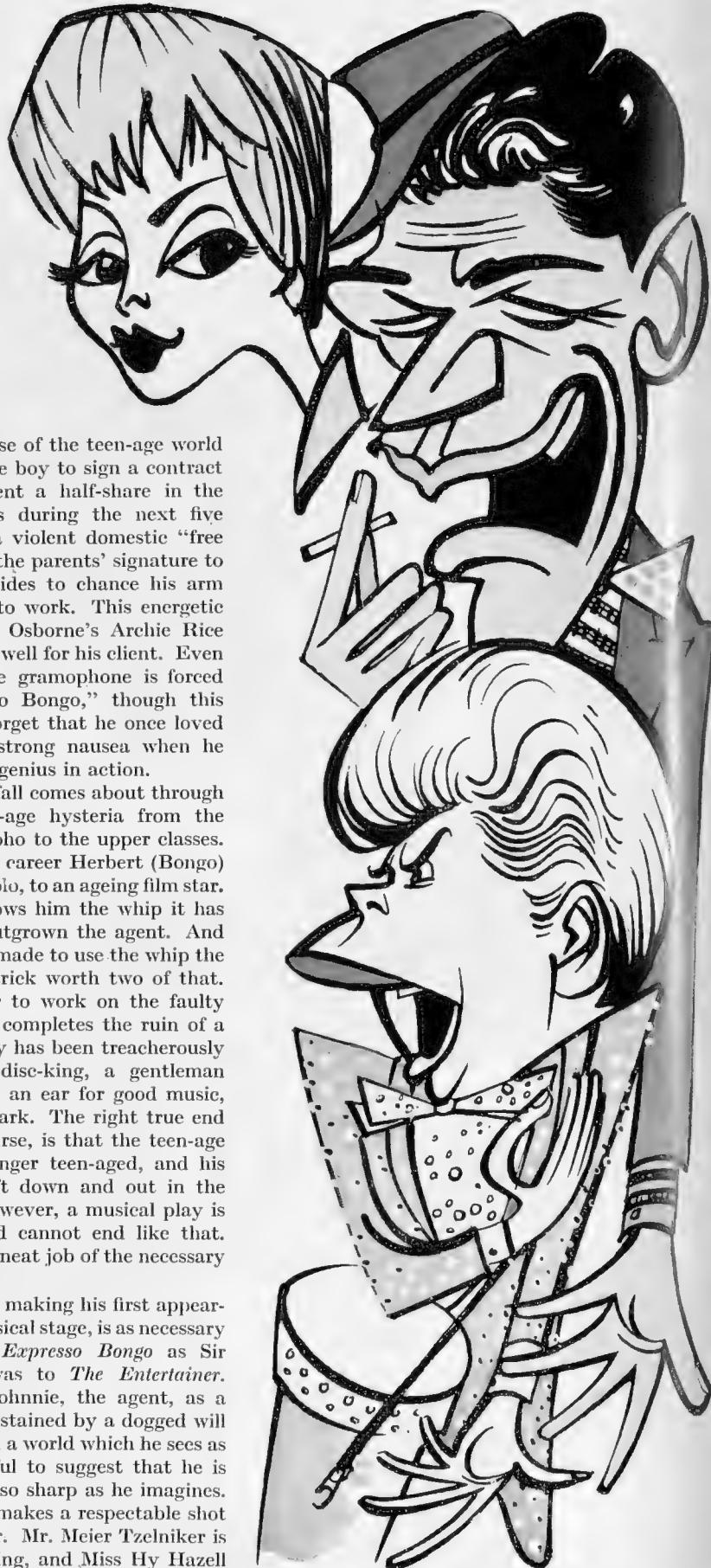
may suit the nonsense of the teen-age world at large. He gets the boy to sign a contract which gives the agent a half-share in the performer's earnings during the next five years, and though a violent domestic "free for all" robs him of the parents' signature to the contract he decides to chance his arm and sets cheerfully to work. This energetic cousin of Mr. John Osborne's Archie Rice does unscrupulously well for his client. Even an impresario of the gramophone is forced to record "Expresso Bongo," though this gentleman cannot forget that he once loved music and feels a strong nausea when he hears the teen-aged genius in action.

The agent's downfall comes about through the spread of teen-age hysteria from the lads and lasses of Soho to the upper classes. At the height of his career Herbert (Bongo) Rudge falls, as a gigolo, to an ageing film star. When the agent shows him the whip it has no effect; he has outgrown the agent. And when an attempt is made to use the whip the film star knows a trick worth two of that. She sets her lawyer to work on the faulty contract. Thus she completes the ruin of a racket which already has been treacherously torpedoed by the disc-king, a gentleman who, though he has an ear for good music, has the soul of a shark. The right true end to this story, of course, is that the teen-age prodigy, now no longer teen-aged, and his agent should be left down and out in the streets of Soho. However, a musical play is a musical play, and cannot end like that. The authors make a neat job of the necessary falsification.

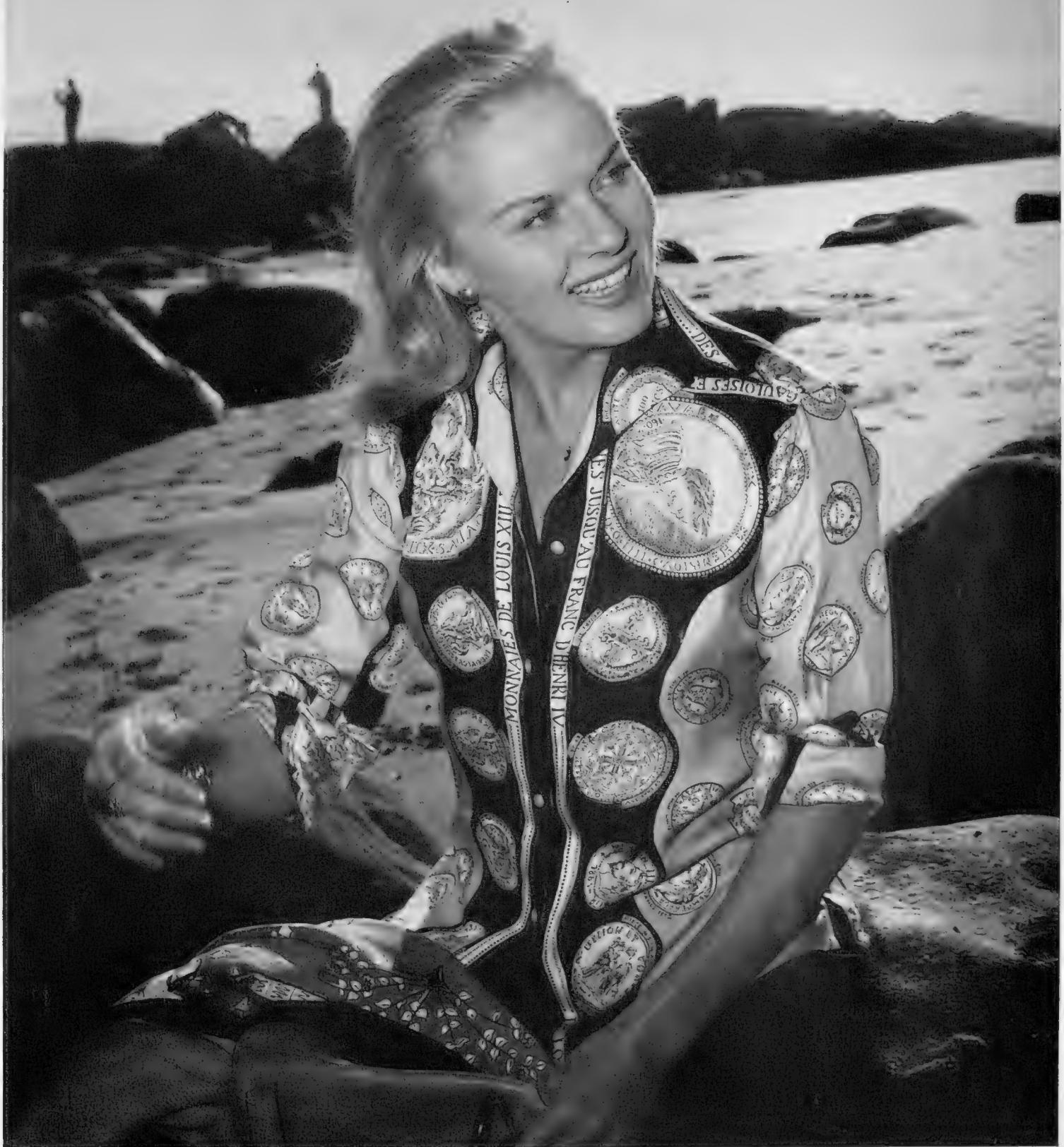
Mr. Paul Scofield, making his first appearance on the light musical stage, is as necessary to the success of *Expresso Bongo* as Sir Laurence Olivier was to *The Entertainer*. While presenting Johnnie, the agent, as a disillusioned man sustained by a dogged will to make the grade in a world which he sees as a jungle he is careful to suggest that he is neither so hard nor so sharp as he imagines. Mr. James Kenney makes a respectable shot at the awful crooner. Mr. Meier Tzelniker is funny as the disc-king, and Miss Hy Hazell and Miss Elizabeth Ashley, as the rich women fighting against time, are rather sad as well as funny. The book has plenty of hard wit, and there are at least half a dozen first-rate lyrics, conspicuous among them "The Shrine On The Second Floor," showing how successfully the agent broadens the singer's repertoire of sex and violence by drawing in religion.



Mr. Meyer (Meier Tzelniker), an impresario among pop records, finds the listening painful



Herbert "Bongo" Rudge (James Kenney) performs for Maisie King (Millicent Martin) and Johnnie (Paul Scofield). For Johnnie the agent, Herbert's singing strikes a golden note—a half-share in all the money it brings in during five years



A change of angels

*Ann Todd returns to the London stage next month in *Duel Of Angels* at the Apollo Theatre. She is taking over the part played by 27-year-old Claire Bloom who has film commitments. Ann Todd has not been seen in the West End since she acted in *The Doctor's Dilemma* several years ago*

Smile spot



"And when they are, we don't polish them, we discard them"



"Now, if madam will sit down for a moment, I'll mention the price"



"Poor, didn't you think, apart from that one little thing of Renoir's?"

RECORDS

by GERALD LASCELLES

Men who shaped jazz

I OFTEN WONDER what would have happened if certain people had not appeared on the jazz scene at a crucial moment. Would the same logical development have taken place, with other people filling the places of those who set the pattern for the future? Would their rivals have stepped into the breach and branched out on different lines. What would have happened, for instance, if there had not been Coleman Hawkins, the man who put the tenor saxophone on the map in jazz. If he had not joined the Fletcher Henderson band in 1923, and had never come to New York, might the tenor saxophone have remained in the backwoods for as long as its taller brother, the baritone, which only in the last decade has appeared prominently as a solo or section instrument outside the Ellington band.

Hawkins is a giant to equal any soloist of advanced notions, with the full control of his instrument at his fingertips. Perhaps his most outstanding feature is his warm tone—a vital ingredient of which not enough is said in jazz criticism. Every one of my accepted giants has this common attribute; only in recent years has it become unacceptable to the critics' and public's ears. "Bean," as he was affectionately known during his ten years' spell with Henderson, has always used his great gift of expression, undeterred by the host of copyists who

sprang up in his wake from the early 1930s. Today people class him as belonging to the "old" school, forgetting that he was one of the pioneers of the "bop" movement, and led the first big band to record this incipient form of the modern school.

Also in the reed section, one should not belittle the tonal value of the baritone saxophone, which has latterly become an



important solo voice in the hands of Gerry Mulligan. I mentioned earlier that Duke Ellington had made great use of this instrument, and I would unhesitatingly pick his baritone player, Harry Carney, as a most unassuming giant. He has played with Duke since 1926, and has contributed more "original sounds" to jazz compositions than any other man I know.

Still dealing with the reed family, two giants aspire for fame as alto saxophonists, Benny Carter and Johnny Hodges. Carter, who worked in Europe at the same time as Hawkins in the mid-30s, was one of those rare multi-instrumentalists, equally at home on trumpet or saxophone, and worked with such greats as Ellington, Fletcher Henderson, Chick Webb and McKinney's Cotton Pickers during the prewar period. Lately he has concentrated on the recording studio, where he appears from time to time with interesting groups, and contributes many fine arrangements. Hodges, on the other hand, is still very much a practising musician, who after 30 years on and off with Ellington, plays in much the same way as he used to. He has a rather prima donna outlook on jazz, and has walked out on the job more than once in his time. He is possibly the most eloquent soloist, phrasing to perfection with a tone which is only matched on the same instrument by Carter and Willie Smith.

Suggestions for Listening

FLETCHER HENDERSON

COLEMAN HAWKINS

BENNY CARTER

JOHNNY HODGES

HARRY CARNEY

London AL3547

H.M.V. DLP1055

Columbia 33CX10072

Columbia 33CX10013, 10098

Decca DFE6376

Brunswick LA8565

Brunswick LAT8242

Decca LK4221

H.M.V. DLP1034

N.B.—These records do not necessarily appear in catalogues under the names of the artistes I have listed

CINEMA

Mr. Bygraves v. the children—a draw

by ELSPETH GRANT

MISS BARBARA MURRAY plays a good-hearted, but impulsive young welfare officer in Mr. Lewis Gilbert's *A Cry From The Streets*—a film which I found delightfully human, touching and funny. Her concern is with deprived children—children abandoned or left homeless by parents impoverished, irresponsible, callous or criminal. At Ranelagh House, a reception centre for these unfortunate mites, Miss Murray runs into Mr. Max Bygraves, an electrician who is repairing the television set—and a good thing this is for her, running into him, I mean.

When, as an enthusiastic do-gooder, she tends to make too great demands upon people, he restrains her in his decent, down-to-earth way—and in a moment of disaster, his big comfortable shoulder to weep upon. Then the welfare officer is socially a cut above the working man, it is easy to see why she falls in love with and marries him. Mr. Bygraves, playing his first straight part, has wonderfully warm and friendly screen personality and, combining a kindly Cockney sense of humour with a great sincerity, gives the impression of being the most dependable of men.

It is perhaps because he is such a complete "natural" that Mr. Bygraves is able to hold his own against the children—a formidable collection of picture-stealers headed by those two tough Australian tots, Miss Dana Wilson, as the eldest of three orphans whose father murdered their mother, and Master Colin Petersen, as a lonely little boy whose mother (Miss Eleanor Summerfield), an alcoholic, commits suicide rather than face the responsibility of bringing him up.

The couple in charge of Ranelagh House, who seem inclined to read "depraved" for "deprived," are played with the right degree of insensitivity by Miss Mona Washbourne and Mr. Toke Townley; sixteen-year-old Mr. Sean Barrett gives a remarkably persuasive performance as a boy of that age re-united, after eight years, with the mother, Miss Kathleen Harrison, who deserted his brutal father—and a comical scrap, Master David Bushell, evokes affectionate laughter every time his quaint little mug appears on the screen.

Mr. Alfred Hitchcock is a great one for cocking a snook at his audiences, leading them up the garden and selling them a pig in a poke—but he has never done so more impudently than in *Vertigo*, a film which makes Mr. James Stewart and you and me the victims of an elaborate deception. Mr. Stewart is in a position to revenge himself—all we can do is feel hopping mad at having allowed the mischievous maestro to take us in.

Mr. Stewart, a San Francisco detective, retires from the police force because he is suffering from acrophobia, a horror of heights, induced, understandably, by a fall

from a roof. (I'm acrophobic, too, and didn't enjoy that shot one little bit.) A rich shipowner, Mr. Tom Helmore, hires him as a private eye—to keep watch on his wife, Miss Kim Novak, who, the husband claims, has become possessed by the spirit of her mad, suicidal great-grandmother and is liable to do away with herself.

Mr. Stewart assiduously shadows her—to an art gallery, where she daily contemplates great-grandma's portrait, to a cemetery where she broods beside great-grandma's grave, and to a house where the poor melancholy creature once lived. Miss Novak wears a tranced look which, as we observed in "Picnic," is very becoming to her and quite the best of her three expressions: Mr.

This week's films

A Cry From The Streets—Max Bygraves, Barbara Murray, Colin ("Smiley") Petersen, Dana ("Shiralee") Wilson, Kathleen Harrison. Directed by Lewis Gilbert. Music composed by Larry Adler.

Vertigo—James Stewart, Kim Novak, Barbara Bel Geddes, Tom Helmore. Directed by Alfred Hitchcock. Music composed by Bernard Herrmann.

Nor The Moon By Night—Belinda Lee, Michael Craig, Patrick McGrohan, Anna Gaylor. Directed by Ken Annakin. Music by James Bernard.

Stewart finds it very fetching. He is on hand when she throws herself into San Francisco bay; he fishes her out and falls in love with her. Miss Novak appears to return his passion but is still bent upon suicide.

Instead of sending her to a psychiatrist, Mr. Stewart himself tries to rid her of her death wish. He drives her to the little Spanish-type town which somehow dominates her dreams. Too late he realizes his mistake: she rushes into the church and up the steep stairs to the belfry—and he, overcome by his acrophobia, cannot follow her. A scream and a crash—and Miss Novak has, ostensibly, hurled herself to her death. Without a glance at the body lying on the ground, Mr. Stewart totters away to have a nervous breakdown.

Weeks pass and Mr. Stewart is still haunted by thoughts of Miss Novak—trick photography keeps him imagining he has found her again. Then one day he meets a young woman who, though blonde, looks remarkably like blonde Miss Novak. With some macabre idea of recreating his lost love, Mr. Stewart induces her to bleach her hair: the likeness is now complete. This is where Mr. Stewart begins to smell a rat—and we learn that the whole yarn of the suicidal wife, mad great-grandmama and all, was a fiction invented to mask a murder. I won't



SET IN DIXIE: Erskine Caldwell's celebrated novel *God's Little Acre*, now filmed with Robert Ryan

tell you what Mr. Stewart's revenge is—but when last seen that little old Spanish-style church was again in need of re-consecration.

Mr. Hitchcock was recently quoted as having boasted that he had made an actress of Miss Novak—and he's very nearly right. Mr. Stewart is splendidly tormented and Miss Barbara Bel Geddes is charming, sympathetic and self-effacing as the nice girl in spectacles who loves him dearly but hopelessly. There is nothing the matter with this film except the story, which is preposterous: not even Mr. Hitchcock can get away with it.

In *Nor The Moon By Night*, Miss Belinda Lee, a nurse, arrives in Africa to marry Chief Game Warden Mr. Patrick McGrohan, with whom, though they've never met, she has corresponded for four years. As any regular film-goer will guess, she falls in love with his brother, Mr. Michael Craig: as the cast includes Miss Anna Gaylor, there is somebody about to console Mr. McGrohan—in case you're worried about him. I wasn't—except in the sensational scene where he is mauled and treed by a pride of lions from whom it takes a bush fire to save him. The outdoor and animal scenes are fine—the rest tame and rather trite.

SET IN SPAIN: Anita Ekberg's newest film *The Man Inside*. With her is Nigel Patrick



BOOKS I AM READING

For moments off on the beach

by SIRIOL HUGH-JONES

SUMMERTIME, and the living is easy—the reading, too, if you're not making a weekly habit of it and expecting some sort of masterpiece from publishing houses in August when sensible people mostly seem to think more about shrimping-nets than art.

So, in the off-season and for want of a book for which I feel an urge to express deep love to the tune of several paragraphs, here are lots of books, mostly competent, professional, perfectly acceptable. Something, in fact, for the afternoon when the wind is blowing Force 8 against the pier and shrimping is absolutely out for the day.

The Shabby Paradise, by Eileen Baillie (Hutchinson, 18s.) is about being a vicar's

sapiens, and yet find themselves the victims of a misplaced trust...." Maybe Mrs. Baillie didn't mean it quite the way I read it; but *doubly* unpardonable....?

Publishers' blurbs are showing an increasing tendency to surprising waspishness towards the Young Angries. The counter-revolution is on, and if the blurb-writers can't conceivably pin an author down as even a crypto-Angris, they make speed to announce how deeply relieved they are, how fortunate the readers, how refreshing to find, &c., &c.... The jacket of Mr. Geoffrey Wagner's highly-coloured **Rage On The Bar** (Alvin Redman, 15s.) finds it "refreshing to discover a young English writer of this

the A.D.C. on to the otter-skin, she wearing sun-glasses and he riding-boots. Afterwards he feels slovenly and has absolutely no peace of mind. "The thought of her cold, silken body drove him mad at night." All manner of other unpleasant things happen which make old-fashioned British liberalism seem a trifle remote, but anyway it is perfectly clear that Mr. Wagner is not at all interested in babies' nappies, being so occupied with altogether more lurid grown-up (if that's the word) matters.

The jacket of Mr. Bernard Glemser's novel, **The Lieutenant** (Macdonald, 15s.), lightly throwing off phrases such as "*a work of art*" and "*a masterpiece of story-telling*," quickly turns stiff and stern: "Moreover, this novel must be rare in modern fiction since it deals with decent values; the characters are decent people.... a refreshing change from the egoistic writhings of outsiders in search of room at the top."

Eager for another dose of keen refreshment, and turning our backs coldly on those beastly writhings, we find a tidy, readable light novel with a trick ending about an aggressively English Englishman with an heroic war record in Bomb Disposal, now selling textiles in New York and fighting off a delayed nervous collapse. Is the decent young man too good to be true? Will the decent American who tries to help him succeed in marrying the decent Englishman's decent sister? Mr. Glemser has made a workmanlike job of it, and though I cannot say I was profoundly concerned with the characters five minutes after I had finished the book, they nevertheless afforded me an agreeable and undemanding couple of hours.

Briefly: **Subways Are For Sleeping**, by Edmund G. Love (Gollancz, 15s.) is an amusing, rather sentimental study of ten New York eccentrics who live exclusively on their wits and earn their money, if any, by determinedly devious ways.... **The Esplanade House**, by David Emerson (Hutchinson, 15s.) is about middle-class mid-Victorian life in a seaside town, and despite some violent events and passions I found it altogether too middling to be memorable; soothing, though, for a long train-ride.... **The Darling Of Her Heart**, by Rhys Davies (Heinemann, 15s.), is a collection of short stories, mostly set in Wales, beautifully written and constructed, satisfying, truthful, touching and funny.... **The Willing Heart**, by Hilda Lamb (Hodder and Stoughton, 16s.) is the story of an illegitimate son of Richard III, apparently based on an episode in the author's family history. I found the style strangely naive and the plot and characters something short of engrossing. "Two students came in, Jack... and Thomas, from Ipswich, where Stephen had relatives and whom he had known to be the son of a wealthy butcher there. His name was Wolsey...." And **The Tide Went Out**, by Charles Eric Maine (Hodder and Stoughton, 12s. 6d.), is one of those grim, glum, end-of-the-civilized-world-as-we-know-it prophecies of the future ("You're alone in a dying world.... When sanity returned, Wade found himself lying on the floor of his abandoned office in the Consort Buildings, crying uncontrollably") that must clearly not be meant for me. The jacket says "a novel for adult minds only." Adult minds, it's all yours!



Brodrick Haldane

He reports
on Africa

Once a camp commandant at a Mau Mau detention centre, Dutch-born author James Meester has a new book ready —about his experiences as a Rand mining engineer. Its title: The Naked Gold

daughter in Poplar between 1904 and 1913. It is a gentle, modest little book about Mother and Father and all-important Nanny, the docks and the drunks, the ornate funerals of the poor, the slipping draught-horses and the grown-up men and women mysteriously and ceremoniously skipping in the streets on Good Friday, the muffin-man and the Church Bazaar. It runs easily along like listening to a stream of mild-spoken reminiscence—soothing, placid and affectionate. Despite the ferocity at large in the London streets of the author's childhood, the book is as mild as nursery tea; and about the only paragraph which made me register an unexpected shock was a tender-hearted passage about the treatment of London horses. "Cruelty to children is unforgivable enough—the cruelty of one human soul to another—but the child, for all its physical helplessness, can communicate its torment, summon aid, and even run away. But cruelty to animals is doubly unpardonable: as a lesser form of creation they have been put in the charge, so to speak, of *homo*

generation who is not interested in beer, bebop, nor babies' nappies (least of all in reviling his ancestors), who does not own a turtle-necked sweater, but who has, instead, a high regard for the Greek and Roman classics and for the solid virtues of old-fashioned British liberalism." (Mr. Wagner has translated Beaudelaire and Nerval, writes poetry, and was a double-Blue and editor of *The Isis*, so there.)

This refreshing author (*Rage On The Bar* is his sixth novel) mixes a jolly brew out of a decadent Caribbean island, a Mau-Mau-type native underground, ritual murders, a perplexed not-quite-a-gentleman—A.D.C. to the Governor, and the resident Diehl family, who are painted in flaming Day-glo and are rapidly and amazingly going to the dogs. There is Lady Diehl who is ferociously dotty, speaks in quotations from the golden moments of Shakespearian tragedy, and keeps a pet snake called Gilbert. And Lady Leone, who has "mother-of-pearl nipples," tattooed insteps, a Renaissance bed with otter-skin coverlet and a mink toothbrush. She lures

THE LONDON COLLECTIONS

Fashion takes a new twist

*the style Empire returns,
raising the waistline,
ing back the bust,
and keeping the
hemline up*

But of course there are divergences in detail . . . MICHAEL, one of the pacesetters (whose *clientèle* include many Continentals) raised his bust lines last season, now lowers them to mid-riff level, uses bulky tweeds and long-haired furs to achieve a massive effect and, like almost everyone else, plumps for green. Individually, he cuts his overcoats to show two inches of matching skirt. His suit (*left*) in a grey-and-white Roddick tweed has his heavy-shouldered look, a hardly defined bust, a relaxed waistline. Mme. Valerie Brill's black felt hat with its untrimmed, uncluttered lines is typical of those worn throughout his Collection.

JOHN CAVANAGH has gone sky high! His hemlines, waistlines, pockets and belts whizz upwards—to give, he asserts, a long, long leg line. His suit skirts are high-waisted, often reaching to under the bust. Three-quarter sleeves, high-buttoning short revers, and high half-belts proclaim his jackets. He, too, weighs in with masses of green and goes for rough hairy-looking fabrics. His suit (*right*) in a dark grey wool, manufactured by Keith & Henderson, has a high-riding half-belt of black calf and is trimmed with beaver. Under the jacket a little green silk blouse tucks into the high waistline of the skirt. Worn with the suit is Simone Mirman's grey felt hat.



THE LONDON COLLECTIONS continued

Ronald Paterson, a Scot with his own definite "handwriting," chooses a high waist in front, drops it low at the back. His skirts, either full or slim, are short of course. He softens always his shoulder lines, and uses lots of shaggy lightweight Ascher mohairs and lacy "dishcloth" woollens from the same firm. Paterson's greatcoats are high-waisted and enormous. He uses all the greens from dry olive to paddy and also bursts into pinks and reds. His massive coat of taupe, cream and black tweed (*left*) is worn over a taupe duveteen dress. Both fabrics by Lesur. He achieves the sky's-the-limit effect with a high choker scarf and a high hat made of the same tweed by Rudolf

Owen of Lachasse is conservative in his line—his customers even more so. His suits, which are his forte, have easy-fitting jackets with slightly bloused backs which descend below the natural waistline. It is, in short, a straight, casual line, based on the classic suit which so many Englishwomen love to wear. *Below*: The suit line translated into evening wear in a dress and jacket. The fabrics woven by Bianchini Ferier in a black and beige houndstooth design in pure silk. Hat by Lachasse

Hardy Amies would like you to think that a woman's legs start under the bust. Slim, short skirts, short jackets, choker collars and high waists contribute to this effect. His coat collars are huge and upstanding. His artificial waistlines are defined by belts and bows. He also uses shaggy fabrics and bursts away from his customary blacks and browns in a positive orgy of sunset reds and oranges. *Opposite*: His suit in a beige-and-black-mixture tweed ties high in front, has—with its high ocelot collar and Vernier's hat and muff in the same fur—a skyscraper effect. Tweed

by Raimon of Paris





Michel Molinare



THE LONDON COLLECTIONS *continued*

The dress that changes so slightly



Michel Molinare

Opposite: JOHN CAVANAGH'S evening dress is made in Garigue's white pure-silk peau-de-soie, has a fitted strapless bodice, like many evening gowns in the Collections. Its high bustline is accentuated by a small buckled belt. The evening "panache" essentially flattering and again accentuating the sky-reaching trend of fashion, is made of white feathers and diamanté

Above: OWEN HYDE-CLARKE OF WORTH carries on, in the centenary year of this House, the lavish tradition established by its founder, Charles Frederick Worth at the court of the Second Empire. Rich, black Lyons velvet from Soirées Nouveauté is used for this dress (*left*) cut with a deep décolletage and demi-train, worn over prodigious petticoats of white net and scalloped lace. The picture dress (*right*) in white satin and black Lyons velvet (Bianchini and Soirées Nouveauté), is lavishly hand-embroidered in crystal and pearl drops in Worth's own workrooms.

Coronet and jewels by Paris House

Photographed in
the Adam Hall of
Osterley Park, formerly
the home of
the Earls of Jersey

THE LONDON COLLECTIONS *continued*

That persistent little black dress



Michel Molinare

A black-crêpe restaurant dress, faithful to the raised bust-line, by RONALD PATERSON. The overskirt is edged by a black silk taffeta frill, the waist-line is undefined. Ducharme's black crêpe, Rudolf's jewelled and beaded Juliet cap

A day dress of black serge, carrying the raised waist-line as high as it can go, by JOHN CAVANAGH. The large box pleats flare out from a black calf belt. There is a short double-breasted jacket (*not shown here*) flaring towards the hemline, which is worn with the dress. Fabric by W. Bill Ltd. Simone Mirman's emerald-green melusine hat





An evening dress in which NORMAN HARTNELL breaks away from the conventional, richly embroidered picture dress for which he is so famous. A sheath of black satin is veiled from shoulder to hem in voluminous pure silk black chiffon, the batwing-like fullness being gathered to the hem of the sheath.

His coats are generously cut and often lined with fur. Many of his evening dresses, while conventional in form, materialized in rebellious colours—lemon, cyclamen, orange. But as a persistent undertone there was always the dress in black for every hour of the day. Jewellery by Paris House.

CHOICE FOR THE WEEK

Classics for the country



Two coats that have become indispensable to the countrywoman : the classic double-breasted raglan and the short practical version of the British warm, so easy for getting in and out of estate cars and jeeps. Here are these well-tried friends which can be bought at Gorringe's, London, and all branches of Bobby & Co. The double-breasted raglan, which has a loose half-belt and slit pockets, is made in a warm dried-bracken coloured wool and cashmere material ; is full-length and costs 15½ gns. The three-quarter coat (*left*) made in the same material but mushroom-coloured, costs 14 gns. Both are Moorcot coats





For quality filming indoors and out in the sunshine, for action shots and for slow motion, a versatile cine camera is needed. The Autoload 603 does all this because it has a large aperture lens easily changed for long-range or wide-angle shots (£101 18s. 1d.). Wallace Heaton Ltd.



For those who want the near-ultimate, there is this miniature camera, a marvel of Swiss precision, known as the "watchmakers' camera." The Alpa Reflex f. 1.9 Switar, £195 19s. 7d.

SHOPPING

Better pictures start with the camera

by JEAN STEELE



Any beginner can take good movies with this model. There is a set-at-a-glance lens gadget and big viewfinder. Bell & Howell 624 B 8mm. cine £25 10s. 10d.



Whoever presses the catch can be in the picture too with the Kagra release which works the shutter by remote-control. Also useful for photographing children and pets without distracting them. £2 8s. 6d.



The famous thumb-size Minox camera (£71 8s.) has speeds up to 1/1000 sec. There is now a Model B (£81 17s. 2d.) with a built-in photo-electric exposure meter



A low-price precision camera that gives excellent results in colour or black and white. Captures action accurately. Silette 35 mm. £20 0s. 9d.

Dennis Smith

BEAUTY

A spot of science in your cream

by JEAN CLELAND

CONFIDENT that their product would bear looking into, the makers of a new cream called Sevilan exposed it to a searching test at a recent party, given to launch it at a West End Hotel. This cream was massaged gently into the face of a model, who, after receiving a light make-up, came among us to show the result. One would have thought that a soft, kindly light might have been chosen to shine on her for this purpose. But no, she walked under the harsh glare of a spot-light.

chemical house of Merz-makers of the cream—had nothing to fear from close scrutiny. The model's complexion looked translucent, smooth and lovely. No powder-base had been used for the make-up, the cream itself acting as a foundation.

Sevilan is the twin product to Placentubex, the new home anti-wrinkle treatment, about which I wrote a short time ago. It was as a companion cream to this that it was first marketed. Since then it has proved so good as an all-purpose cream, that it is being recommended on its own for all types of skin.

One interesting point about Sevilan is that it contains silicones, refined to act as a protective film on the skin. Silicones have already been used in cosmetics, sun tan preparations and barrier creams, but never before in a face cream (so the makers of Sevilan say).

Another successful party was the one given by Cyclax to introduce their new range of toiletries, "Mainly for Men." This consists of a wide variety of preparations—cologne, tonic hair lotion, pre-electric shave, after shave lotion, bath tale, invisible talc, shampoo, spray deodorant, lather & brushless shave soap. All are attractively packed.

The young hair stylist, Vidal Sassoon, is

A Swedish hair style, intended to express the mood of the country. By Vidal Sassoon

having great success on his European tour. As a result of some of his articles in the Hair & Beauty journal, he was invited by well-known stylists from all over Europe to visit their salons to demonstrate his work. A number of beauty writers, including myself, went to the Savoy to a farewell gathering to wish him well. Now I hear that he is soon to be back again, having made a splendid impression throughout the entire tour. The style on this page was done in Stockholm at the salon of Carl Gleisner. In it Vidal has successfully captured the mood of the women of the country, which is what he planned to do in each city he visited.

Whatever else you do, you must not look blue. I am referring *not* to your emotions, but your hair. If it is grey, there are many

more up-to-date shades, infinitely more subtle than the rather hard blue and violet rinses, both of which were so popular some years ago. Color-Glo have some lovely ones. These are Chinchilla Grey, Silver Grey, Dove Grey, Steel Grey and Pastel Grey. They last through from three to four shampoos, after which, if you want to make a change, you can easily try another colour. The Color-Glo Dove Grey can be had for use at home, and it is easy to apply.

Two new versions of well tried and much loved favourites have just come my way. Pears Soap from the end of August will be available in a new bath-size tablet. Pears have manufactured this in response to repeated requests for a large size in addition to the hand tablet which has been popular for more than 150 years. Many people must remember the advertisement of "Bubbles" taken from the picture by Millais, which was among the outstanding ones of its day.

Next, six of Coty's favourite scents in new handbag phials. These are L'Aimant, L'Origan, Paris, Chypre, Muguet des Bois and Le Nouveau Gardenia. These graceful little phials are lovely for carrying about and for the odd spot to freshen one up between one engagement and another, or going straight to an evening date after being out all day. They cost only 5s. 9d. each, so one can afford to vary the scent according to the occasion, the mood and the moment.

Coty's say that owing to the Budget tax cut, all their prices have been reduced.



Cyclax have produced a new range of toilet products "Mainly for Men"





An international veteran car rally was held in Sweden. Among the British competitors were Mr. J. Hamilton-Fish (left) in a 1906 O.T.A.V., Air Chief Marshal Sir Alec Coryton (centre, during balloon-bursting test) in a 1902 De Dion Bouton, and Dr. E. Warlow and Mr. Davies (right) in a 1904 Humber

MOTORING

by GORDON WILKINS

Paying the price for the pace

THREE TIMES in a few months the deaths of brave and likeable young men have cast a shadow over motor-racing and raised again the old question: "Is it worth it?" The Vatican has condemned the "usurious price in human life exacted by commercial interests." Even if the businessmen were indifferent to the drivers' welfare they could not escape the fact that the sport is now in danger because it has been consuming its best men faster than they can be replaced.

There is a lot of talent among young sports-car drivers and pilots of the little crackling Formula 3 single-seaters (above all in England), but the transition to Grand Prix single-seaters takes time. Some quite outstanding sports-car drivers never achieve it at all. Collins, Musso, Castellotti and Ascari were front-rank drivers for whom no replacements are in sight and Fangio, the greatest of them all, says he has retired. Scott-Brown, de Portago, McKay Fraser and Wharton were excellent sports-car drivers who had also demonstrated their ability to handle Grand Prix machines.

The rewards are high enough to attract a steady flow of new aspirants; a top-rank driver can earn £15-20,000 in a good year—if he exploits all the possibilities—but money is not always the main driving-force. Peter Collins was financially independent. When he was a young amateur driving Formula 3 single-seaters I brought a team of Panhards over from France for a production-car event. He jumped at the chance of driving one because he wanted to race on as many different cars as possible. When we discussed the future at his 21st-birthday party at his home at Shatterford Grange outside Kidderminster he looked on a place in a works team mainly as a means of avoiding the expense of competing privately, which was becoming insupportable.

He accepted the discipline the job demands because he enjoyed racing, but during the last year or so there have been fewer photographs of the carefree Collins smile, and many more showing him serious and preoccupied. The strain of staying at the top has never been so high as it is today, for there have never been so many motor races. In the old

days the great champions had weeks or even months to prepare for a big event and they did not race in the winter. Now a driver may escape death by inches one weekend but he has to be hundreds of miles away practising on another circuit by the following Thursday. Nor does the winter bring relief, for the opening of racing seasons in South America, Florida, Australia and New Zealand keeps front-rank drivers busy right through the year. In his book *Grand Prix Racing* George Monkhouse lists just over 80 drivers killed in the 54 years from

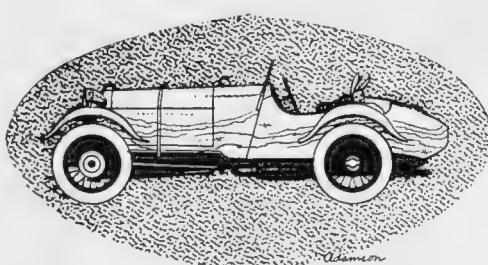
freedoms. There are great English-speaking nations around the world, and in addition many other states have been brought to maturity within the framework of the British Commonwealth because in the past Britain bred young men willing to go far from home and risk their lives for the things they thought worth doing.

Today there are no more empires to be built and the love of adventure must find other outlets. Instead of condemning it we need to find ways of eliminating unnecessary hazards.

Fangio is reported to have said that modern cars are too light and too powerful. This is true of some of the sports-racing cars with big engines. They are faster and more powerful than the Grand Prix machines and so lightly built that they disintegrate in a crash. But it is impossible to generalize. People have walked away from a crash in which a car has broken in pieces and other drivers have died in cars that were hardly damaged. Both Collins and Musso were killed in Ferraris, which are the most solidly constructed of current Grand Prix machines.

Collins would, I think, have been loth to complain that modern cars are too fast, for he recently drove the two pre-war Mercedes, brought over for the demonstration at Oulton Park. He gained an awe-inspiring insight into the difficulties which had to be overcome by prewar drivers handling a 15-cwt. machine with 540 horsepower and capable of anything up to 200 m.p.h. These cars were far faster than anything racing today, with much inferior road-holding and steering, which required much greater physical effort. Their great rivals, the Auto-Union were even more difficult to handle. There were probably only two people who could exploit their performance to the full; Bernd Rosemeyer (who was killed in a record attempt, not a race) and Tazio Nuvolari (who died in bed).

The modern racing-car is so stable that an expert driver can go confidently right up to the limit of tyre adhesion and beyond, cornering in a controlled drift—but a trace of oil on the road or an incident requiring a slight change of course on a curve can be disastrous.



1898 to 1952, but since then the casualty rate has sadly increased. Yet danger itself is like a drug, and the professional driver has an exciting colourful life which it is not easy to abandon. Nor should anyone assume that it serves no serious purpose.

It is not long since British drivers and British racing cars were openly derided on foreign race circuits. Now the world waits to hear what British constructors are doing. British drivers dominate the headlines. People marvel at their skill and courage, and foreign commentators try to explain why Britain produces more and better racing drivers than any other country. When the Russians swing into international motor-racing with state teams backed by a powerful propaganda machine (as they probably will do before long) the free world will look to British drivers to defeat them. And there will be much more than commercial interests at stake.

The point was made movingly by Jacques Ickx, a leading Belgian motoring writer, in a recent article where he argued that the right to risk one's life is also one of the



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DINING IN

English fare for foreigners

by HELEN BURKE

I AM often asked to suggest a meal or a series of meals for visitors from overseas who are here for the first time. Much depends on the season, of course. Recently my brother and his wife, together with his sister-in-law and her husband, arrived here from California on holiday. None had previously visited this country.

The meals, I told myself, must be entirely British, with no trace of either the Continental or transatlantic kitchen. The difficulty is that the best of our foods are known in the United States—but their quality, I submit, is not. Scotch beef, at the moment, is prime so I settled on it for the first main course. An alternative choice could have been grouse, but I was not too sure about the palates of three of the guests.

As salmon is nearing the end of its season we started the first meal with trout, poached in plain salted water, and melted butter. This was followed by a standing rib of Angus beef, horseradish cream, Yorkshire pudding, baked potatoes and some little plainly boiled ones, glistened with butter and dusted with chopped parsley, for those who might prefer them, and young vegetable marrow cooked with butter (no white sauce). This was followed by Summer Pudding, made with raspberries and red and black currants—one of the most refreshing sweets in our English summer list—and, finally, double Gloucester cheese with crusty bread and butter.

The second menu was: Smoked salmon, roast grouse and the usual trimmings (much appreciated!), fruit salad and Stilton cheese.

The third was: Potted shrimps; saddle of lamb, red currant jelly, baked potatoes and young peas with plenty of sugar (the crushed mint added just before the peas were taken from the heat; welsh rabbit in place of a sweet).

I have evolved a way of dealing with this year's peas, which have not been as soft and sweet as they might have been. It is to boil the peas in just enough water and, when they are almost cooked, to add crushed sprigs of mint, sugar to sweeten, salt to flavour and a nice piece of butter. The peas, together with their stock, are turned into a heated dish and served with a perforated spoon. This treatment keeps them nicely rounded, instead of slightly shrivelled, as they often are.

My guests have now gone to the Continent. On their return, I plan to entertain them again and have in mind such dishes as Scotch broth, grilled Dover sole, braised ox-tail, Irish stew, boiled chicken

with boiled unsmoked streaky bacon (both hot) and parsley sauce, and, if late strawberries are still obtainable, we must have some, because the transatlantic ones have nothing like the flavour of our own.

If you think that I show little imagination, let me say that the above main dishes are so remarkable—not in the cuts but in the quality—that I felt it would be a pity to serve anything else. Everything good in the United States I have avoided and shall avoid; everything I think of as being better here I shall try to get.

The chicken will not be an old boiler but a young one. For this true English dish, the bird should not be a roaster. The flavour of young boilers is so much more pronounced.

For the benefit of young housewives, I would like to give the recipe for Summer Pudding, which I serve at least once during the season. This year, twice! It is a boon for the hostess-cook, because



it really must be made the day before it is required. Otherwise, the juices do not get through the bread.

For 6 servings, you need at least 3 lb. of small fruit composed of any three of the following: raspberries, red and black currants, loganberries and blackberries. Stew them with a cup or so of water and sugar to taste, keeping the fruits, for preference, a little on the sharp side. Line a good-sized pudding basin (I prefer a soufflé dish) with ready-sliced bread, trimmed of crusts, each piece first dipped in some of the juices from the fruit. Add the fruit, holding back some of the juice. Cover with a lid of bread, put a weighted saucer or small plate on top and leave overnight. Place in the refrigerator 1 to 1½ hours before the meal. Turn out on to a deepish dish, strain the reserved juice over the pudding and pass coffee (single) cream.



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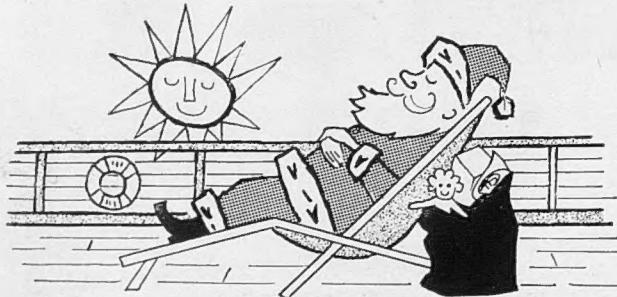
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DINING OUT by ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

Out of town, but within reach

VISITORS staying in central London will not be satisfied with the advice I gave last week that the place for Sunday eating is . . . London. So here are a few places they can reach with ease by car without having to travel long distances on overcrowded roads. All are within 30 miles of Hyde Park Corner. They are all, almost without exception, especially in the summer, crowded at weekends and it saves a lot of fuss and bother to reserve your table in advance. To make this easier for you I give the telephone numbers.

Surrey: The FAIRMILE HOTEL on the Portsmouth Road, between Esher and Cobham, directed by its proprietor, Richard Lamdin. A fine place to take visitors from abroad; a beautiful house in a beautiful setting with a very smart bar and a first-class restaurant (Cobham 2449).

The same can be said of the MAYFLOWER HOTEL AND COUNTRY CLUB, a few miles further on between Cobham and Ripley, which is another smart establishment with a lovely garden. You will find the proprietor, Mr. Charles, formerly of the Savoy and the Berkeley, ready to welcome you (Cobham 3285). These are both de luxe establishments and in consequence fairly expensive.

Smaller places of charm with good food and wine in the right atmosphere include THE ONSLOW ARMS at West Clandon (a fork left after Ripley) which has a charming old-world bar and a great reputation for its cuisine (Clandon 64). Then up over the hills to Newlands Corner and down to Shere to THE BLACK HORSE at Gomshall, which is fashionable and friendly at weekends and provides first-class English fare (Shere 42).

If you want to get off the main road you can reach THE KINGS ARMS at Ockley; a fine old inn, chops and steaks from the grill, local poultry and vegetables, with a good wine

list, and a charming innkeeper, Mrs. Frankie Meikle (Capel 3224).

Just outside Dorking, on the way back to London, there is the BURFORD BRIDGE HOTEL—at one of Surrey's famous beauty spots, Box Hill. The direction of it has just been taken over by Geoffrey Lerway, who has been in the hotel business for seven years (Dorking 4561).

Middlesex: THE MYLLET ARMS on Western Avenue at Greenford where Mr. Bonesi, for 23 years General Manager of The Berkeley in Piccadilly, provides food and wine to West End standards—plenty of room to park (Perivale 4793).

THE ORCHARD, Ruislip, about 12 miles from Piccadilly Circus. First-class English and French cuisine; large wine list. Directed with much verve by Leslie Ansell and his daughter, Pamela, and John Tambourine (Ruislip 3481).

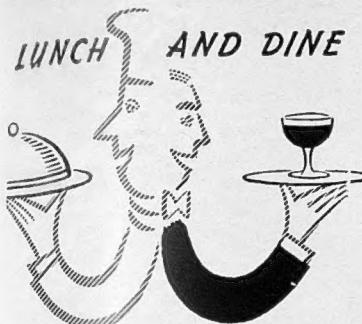
THE MITRE, 300-year-old hotel facing Hampton Court Palace. First-class French cuisine plus many basic English dishes. An American guest would describe this place as "an elegant establishment," which it is (Molesey 1339).

Berkshire: If you want to travel down towards the Thames at Maidenhead, there is the village of Bray where you have THE HIND'S HEAD, famous 16th-century hotel with a great reputation for its wine and food, which Miss Williams has been managing for many years (Maidenhead 567).

At Bray there is THE HOTEL DE PARIS, with its lawns going down to the river. There Paul Orso is in command (Maidenhead 1616). And further on to the MONKEY ISLAND HOTEL, a charming place, run by gay and friendly people, Patrick Gibbons and his wife, Diana. Patrick is the chef and a good one (Maidenhead 849).

I will complete this list of where you can motor to wine and dine within a 30-mile radius of London next week.

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